

EBONY



SKIN WIZARD
OF THE WORLD

FEBRUARY 1946 25c



EBONY'S really branching out. At Carnegie Hall next month composer Igor Stravinsky's first popular tune *Ebony Concerto* will be given its initial performance by Woody Herman at a string concert. In Chicago a newly-opened night spot has been named Club Ebony. EBONY'S a hit.

What's in the name—the name EBONY? Just what you put in it. A name is a name is a name, as Gertrude Stein would say. There's more than nonsense in that. For a name is a name and no more—unless people attach meanings and connotations which draw sympathetic or unfavorable response reflexes. You only take out of a name what you put into it.

Whether ebony is an African wood, a concerto, a night club or a magazine, we think it's a good name—alive, dramatic, exciting, colorful. A handful of folks think otherwise, have been writing to us to state their objections, i.e. 1. Ebony means black; 2. What does Ebony mean?

On objection No. 1, we enter a dissent based on our contention that there's nothing wrong with black except what whites have done to blacks. As a race, Negroes have much to be proud of. Their achievements stamp black as a color to take pride in. Black is a badge of accomplishment by a people who have stood staunch and steadfast against the worst that is in the white man's soul and yet lifted their heads high through the centuries. Black heroes who have emerged in history's pages despite the Hitler-like efforts to purge them give Negroes a heritage and tradition up to the best of any race. Black is and should be a color of high esteem.

EBONY'S purpose in life is to mirror the deeds of black men, to help blend America's blacks and whites into interracial understanding through mutual admiration of all that is good in both. EBONY is a magazine of, by and for Negroes who are proud of their color. Therefore the name—EBONY.

On objection No. 2, we hope to teach through the medium of EBONY what the word means.

Among other things it means topnotch entertainment like Lena Horne, who will be a feature of our March issue in a story on a typical day with the movie star on the MGM lot, and Josh White, Cafe Society star with whom EBONY went to a party up at Hyde Park. Lena in our coming attractions shot is doing a dance routine with MGM dance director Bob Alton.

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By E. Simms Campbell

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Cover

DR. THEODORE K. LAWLESS is allergic to cameras, has disliked publicity ever since he was ousted from the dermatologists society because of an article on him in the Chicago Tribune. He wound up getting six times more patients than all the other members of the Chicago association put together. But despite this, he still avoids newspapermen and photogs although he has made a personal hobby out of photography. He agreed to EBONY story when ace photog Gordon Coster was assigned to the job. Coster is the fellow who's been putting together those unusual montages for our photo-editorials. Baltimore-born, he has worked for a number of years for Life and other leading magazines in the country. He does commercial advertising material for top rate department stores and advertising agencies. His pictures will appear regularly in future issues.



EBONY PICTURES: The following is a page-by-page listing of the sources of the photos in this issue. Where several sources are credited, the listing is from left to right, top to bottom.

3 to 6—Black Star	30—Globe Photos, Sanford Robinson
7 to 13—Gordon Coster	31 to 33—Globe Photos
14 to 17—Black Star	34 to 36—Sol Gerstel
18 to 23—Michael Carter	37 to 43—Marcel Sternberger
24—Roger Sturtevant, Paul Williams	45—Toni Frissel from Pix
25 to 28—Phil Stern	46—Paramount, M.G.M.
29—Maynard L. Parker, Paul Williams	47 to 50—Marian Palfi

COMING IN MARCH

Photo Stories On

Day At MGM Studios With Film Star Lena Horne
Child Genius Phillipa Schuyler's First Date
Hyde Park Party With Josh White and Mrs. FDR
How Negro Converts Become Catholics
World's Champion High Jumpers In Africa

Make Sure You Get Your Copy of EBONY Regularly

SUBSCRIBE NOW



CHRISTMAS & KUTSCHER MAKE ALL THEIR OWN HATS, SPLIT LABOR. THEIR FIRST WEEK IN BUSINESS THEY MADE \$25 EACH. NOW THEY GROSS OVER \$30,000 ANNUALLY.

HARLEM HATTERS

Negro and white hat partners prove
interracial business pays dividends

RACISM is bad business in more ways than one.

In the heart of Harlem where the thriving lifeline of 125th street crosses Lenox avenue is a business that proves that hate does not pay. It is the Allied Custom Hatters, a small but prosperous hat shop owned by two partners—one white, one Negro.

Hearty Herbert Christmas, the Negro half of the team, thinks his partner is the "salt of the earth." Bald Julius Kutscher, older of the pair who is Jewish, says: "My partner here is one in a million."

Christmas & Kutscher has everything that a business needs for success—but over and above that it has achieved a real, genuine partnership in racial understanding.

For two years now they have worked together as business partners, proved that democracy can click, that color has nothing to do with success. The firm of Christmas and Kutscher is doing fine, thank you. Business is in the black in more ways than one, too.

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SELLING is done by whoever is close to the counter. During rush hours they both pitch in, gab with customers about labor, race, politics. Some Harlemites claim Christmas and Kutscher are not partners at all, whisper Christmas is 'fronting for the boss.'

ALLIED Custom Hatters is a GI dream—the dream of democracy that a million Negro servicemen have been fighting and dying for overseas.

Together in the Harlem hat shop have come two men from Tlumacz, Poland, and Norfolk, Virginia, to make good the ideal

of brotherhood. Both Herbert Christmas and Julius Kutscher have similar ideas about many things, especially about people who claim Negroes and whites can't work together, people who argue against the Fair Employment Practices Committee. "Boy, they'll have to come up with a better one than that," laughs Christmas.

And then he points to himself and Kutscher and says they're a good example of "how phony" that argument is.

The next moment he is solemn, thoughtful: "I wonder if wounded white lads on the battlefield refuse to let colored stretcher bearers take 'em back . . ."



ON THEIR DAY OFF, families of both partners get together at home often. Here at the house Christmas recently bought in Brooklyn, they enjoy a session of swing records. With them are their wives, daughter Laura Kutscher, 15, and son Herb Christmas, Jr., 5.



HAT MAKING is pretty much a family affair with help at Allied Custom Hatters, including Mrs. Arlee Christmas, who does trimming during rush; Beatrice Klarl, Kutscher's sister-in-law; William, Herb's brother. Only Bruno, colored apprentice, is no relative.

CHRISTMAS & KUTSCHER 'A GOOD DEAL' FOR HARLEMITES

WHEN Herbert Christmas and Julius Kutscher rented a store on Lenox Avenue between a butcher shop and a Pepsi-Cola stand and opened a hat business, they weren't trying to prove anything except that there's a profit in selling hats.

They got tired of working for bosses and like millions of people wanted to be their own bosses. The fact that Christmas was Negro and Kutscher white had nothing to do with it. They had known each other for more than ten years, working in the same downtown hat factory. They liked each other and decided to take the big step.

They didn't think of themselves as pioneers particularly. Kutscher did get a bit of a push reading about the connection between Jew-baiting and Negro-baiting. But neither he nor Christmas had any inkling of showing that a inter-racial business works. They wanted to make money.

Make money they did—\$37,000 gross one year.

But there was an inevitability about Allied Custom Hatters demonstrating democracy at work. At first, downtown hatters who have known them both for years would slyly ask Kutscher: "How you getting along with your partner?" His answer has been a quiet affirmative for two years. Now the downtown trade is beginning to take the partnership for granted.

Some folks buzz that they're not really partners, that Christmas is "putting on an act" just to attract business. The partners just ignore these tales, never call attention to their setup and are hardly conscious of any color difference. They're selling hats, not interracialism.

But hat-conscious Harlemites can't help noticing the Negro-white partnership. There's only one other like it in the community, a furniture store. They say it's

a "good deal" and just as important think Allied hats are good enough to warrant coming back for more.

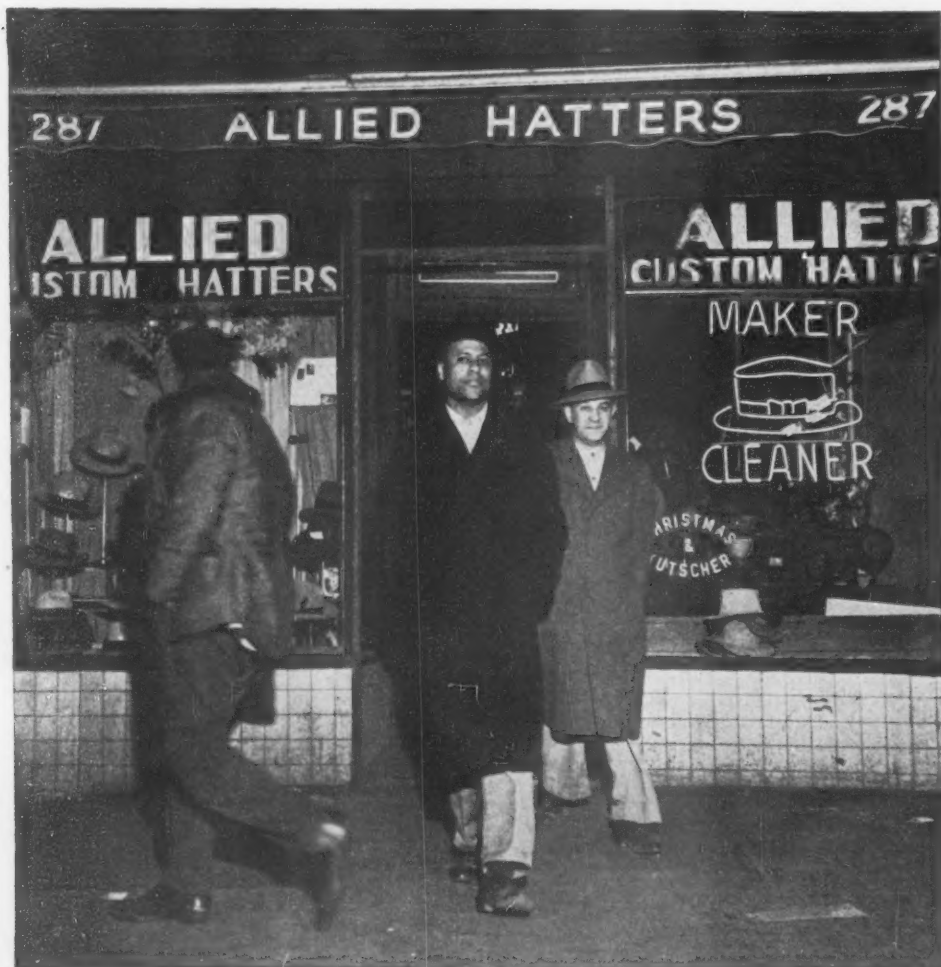
Right now they've got more business than they can handle, have withdrawn all their advertisements because of the jam in the shop. They get a tremendous mail order business, especially in the South, from many Negroes who buy hats sight unseen. Below the Mason and Dixon Line, Kutscher explains, Negroes in most cases are permitted to try on hats only if they purchase the first tried on, regardless of size. Some whites feel a hat "contaminated" once sampled by a Negro. Average Dixie order is for a \$10 hat while the Northern average is only \$7.50. Most Allied customers have six to eight hats, some "sharpies" keep as many as 20 and buy a hat every two weeks.

Kutscher believes hat styles start in Harlem, thinks most hat styles now believed extreme downtown will soon be in windows in lower New York.

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'JIVE TALK of Harlem customers sometimes stumps Julius Kutscher, who speaks with an accent. He's still inclined to offer to stretch a hat when its owner says: "This lid is really tight" (very satisfactory, swell).



LATE HOURS are usual for the two partners. They rarely leave before 11 p. m., get started in the morning at 9. Hats with the Allied trademark, red and gold wings with hat in center, sell from \$7.50 to \$12.50.

FEDORAS BUT NO HALOES

MOST business partners get a bellyful of one another during working hours. When they go home, they're through with daytime friendship—partnership is strictly business.

Not so with Christmas and Kutscher. "Hell, man," says the rugged, jolly Negro half of the team, "we go out together often. Go to shows or visit each other. Sometimes Julius and his family go with me to visit my sister in Brooklyn."

Neither of them drink but they occasionally take in night clubs like the Zanzibar and Cafe Society. It's here that they suddenly become color-conscious whereas in their everyday work they forget about the words Negro and white.

No sooner do they dance with one another's wives than they get stares. It happened at the Zanzibar recently. "There must have been a lot of out-of-town people there," Christmas recalls, "because you've never seen such hunching and nudging and will-you-look-at-that-ing in your life. Bother us? Hell, no!"

Their business is pretty much of a family affair. "If we get awful busy," says Christmas, "sometimes my wife Arlee, comes in and gives a hand. Then again Julius' wife comes in. Or our kids help us out. It all works out fine and we get along swell." The few people they employ are mixed racially.

Christmas, 36, who was born in Norfolk, educated in Florida and came North in 1926, recalls his days in Dixie and says he was "lucky enough" to keep his temper and "do as the Romans did." A friend of his was once followed all the way up to Harlem by a Southern white who wanted to find out where he got his hat, a creation of Herb's. Eventually he found out, became one of his best customers, even though an ex-Klansman.

Christmas now owns his house in Brooklyn, sees his two sons and daughter mornings only and Sundays. They're always asleep when he gets home at midnight. He's a conservative dresser, doesn't drink or smoke, loves cider.

Quiet, slow-moving Kutscher, 47, remembers his days in Poland the same way Christmas does his Dixie experiences. "Ever since I was 6 I remember them throwing stones at me because I am a Jew," he says. His mother sold bread on the streets and the family lived in a single, dirt-floored, heatless room with no water and no toilet. Kutscher says Poland conditions make Harlem and the Lower East Side slums look like a toy-town.

He was trained as a tinsmith, then learned the hatters trade 20 years ago. He really loves the trade. He likes colorful toppieces—felts, fedoras, Hombergs, porkpies—but contents himself with conservative lids "because they might laugh at me in the Bronx" (where he lives).

"Even if I didn't like hats," he notes, "I'd have to wear them—I'm getting bald!"

Both partners look ahead to postwar expansion but can't find a larger place in Harlem. Without expansion and any apparent haloes, they are doing a topnotch morale job in Harlem right now.



DR. T. K. LAWLESS HAS THE WORLD'S BEST COLLECTION OF COLORED SLIDES ON SKIN DISEASE. HE IS ONE OF THE FEW DOCTORS WHO OWN A SUPPLY OF RADIUM FOR TREATING PATIENTS.

SKIN WIZARD OF THE WORLD

White patients forget skin color, flock to ace Negro doctor

SKIN is race-deep

Skin stretches two-billion human hides wide—in stripes ebony, brown, white, yellow, copper, cafe au lait, pink, olive, topaz.

Skin to the scientist is "the membrane that covers the body consisting of three layers of outer skin, corium, cutisor derma, the epidermis, cuticle or scarf skin."

Skin to the racists is the membrane that tells what's in the brain, what room you rent, what profession you enter, what seat you take in a train.

Yet the world's foremost expert on the subject of skin is a man whose membrane is black.

He is husky, high-strung, 52-year-old Dr. Theodore Kenneth Lawless, who in a luxurious Chicago South Side office each day treats skins of some 450 patients, ranging from lily white to ebony black. His income yearly ranges into six figures. The sick skins he has cured stretch from South America to Scandinavia, from mul-

ti-millionaires to Hollywood sweater girls.

For 15 hours a day in his office and laboratory, the ex-Talladega College half-back, now a world-famed, legendary figure in the field of dermatology, patches and repairs the diseased derma of thousands of white patients who have found no doctor of their own race capable of healing them. From all corners of the earth, he gets frantic "last resort" appeals from doctors stumped for a cure.

Yet according to all the rules and theories of the "American way" of life, Dr. Lawless should be inferior because he has one-half gram of melanin in his skin tissues handed down by mother Gertrude and a crusading minister father, Alfred.

Little more than a score of years ago as an eager, 29-year-old medical student, Lawless and his mother found that melanin made a Dixie train conductor mad. When they sat down in a white coach, the conductor furiously strung a rope across the

car, then flung newspapers over it to wall them from other passengers. Lawless discovered that melanin was still king on his return from three intense years of learning all science knew of skins in the medical centers of Austria, Switzerland, Germany and France.

Melanin made a sucker out of science.

With one milligram of melanin in Washington, D.C., you can still sing before the Daughters of the American Revolution. But half a gram in Mobile, Ala., and you ride the Jim Crow car.

Melanin is the complex organic substance found in all normal skin. Takes one gram to make you black. Takes two tons to ebonize the human race. It's potent.

Only purpose of pigment is skin protection. Dr. Lawless declares: "Melanin protects the Negro in Africa from the sunlight and makes him black so he'll have to fight to protect himself against the white man."

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**MOST OF DR. LAWLESS'
PATIENTS ARE WHITE**





WHITE PATIENTS make up 90 per cent of Dr. Lawless' practice. His Chicago office in the Negro neighborhood is constantly crowded with waiting whites who sometimes overflow onto the sidewalk outside. Once a Southern-bred Negro woman asked the astonished receptionist: "Child, where's the waiting room for colored?"



TWINS waiting to see Dr. Lawless came with a sack of patent medicines prescribed by other doctors who could not diagnose their case. He charges a flat fee of \$3 a visit to all. Many rich patients complain: "You charge my maid the same as you charge me."



ALMOST A MILLION CASES have been handled by Dr. Lawless in his 21 years of practice. His two receptionists, Gloria and Fay Young, maintain the immense files. One dyed-in-the-wool Southerner from Kentucky flies up to Chicago once a week to be treated by Lawless.

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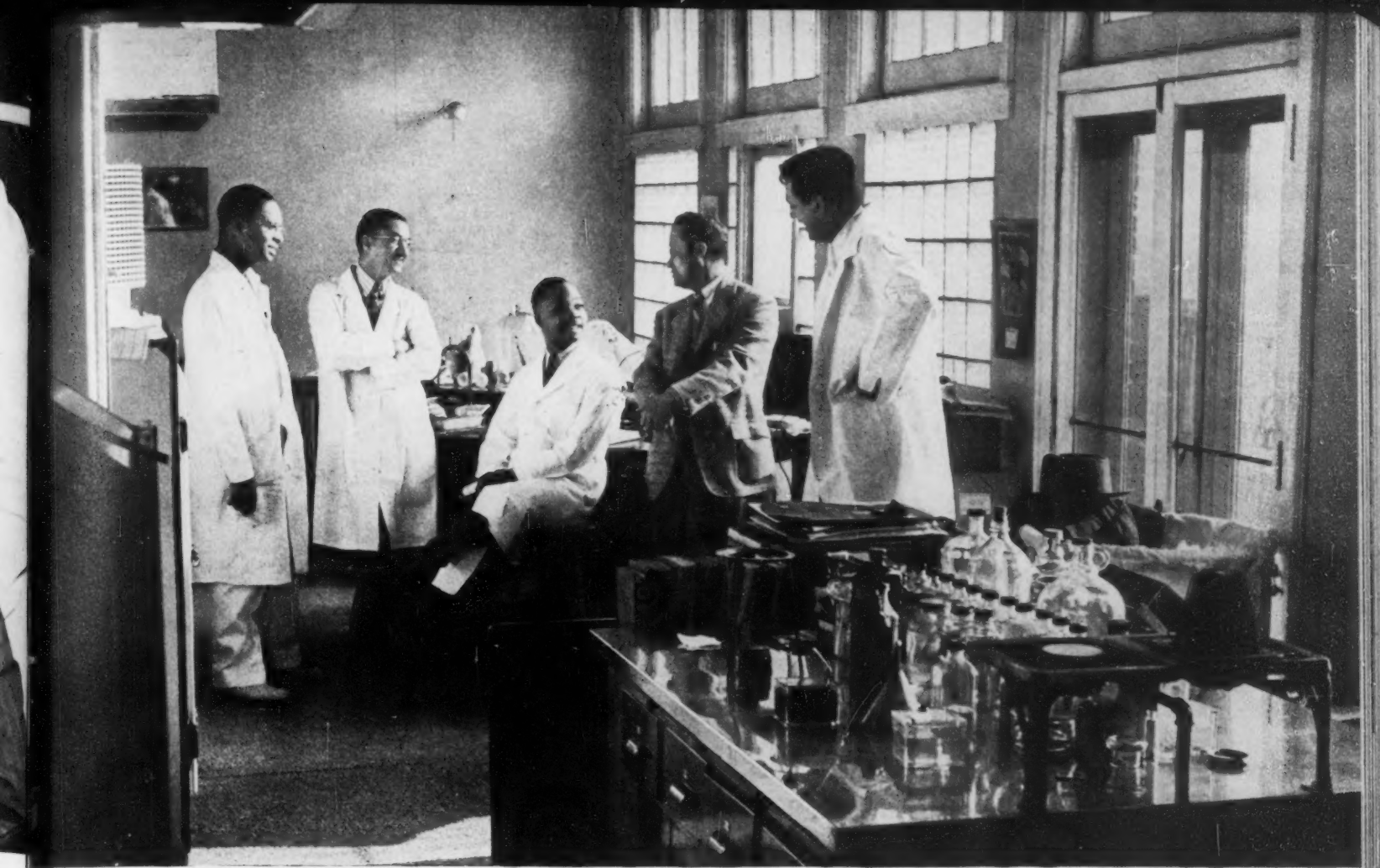


RESEACH LABORATORY AT CHICAGO'S PROVIDENT HOSPITAL WAS DONATED BY DR. LAWLESS. HERE HE LECTURES TO DOCTORS, INTERNES AND NURSES ON DERMATOLOGY.

MICRATOME MACHINE, ONLY ONE IN MIDWEST, CUTS SKIN 1/12,500 OF AN INCH. TECHNICIAN WORKS ON DISEASED SKIN FROM OKINAWA GI.

THE EQUIPMENT IN DR. LAWLESS' LAB SON IS DR. LAWLESS' WHITE TECHNICIAN



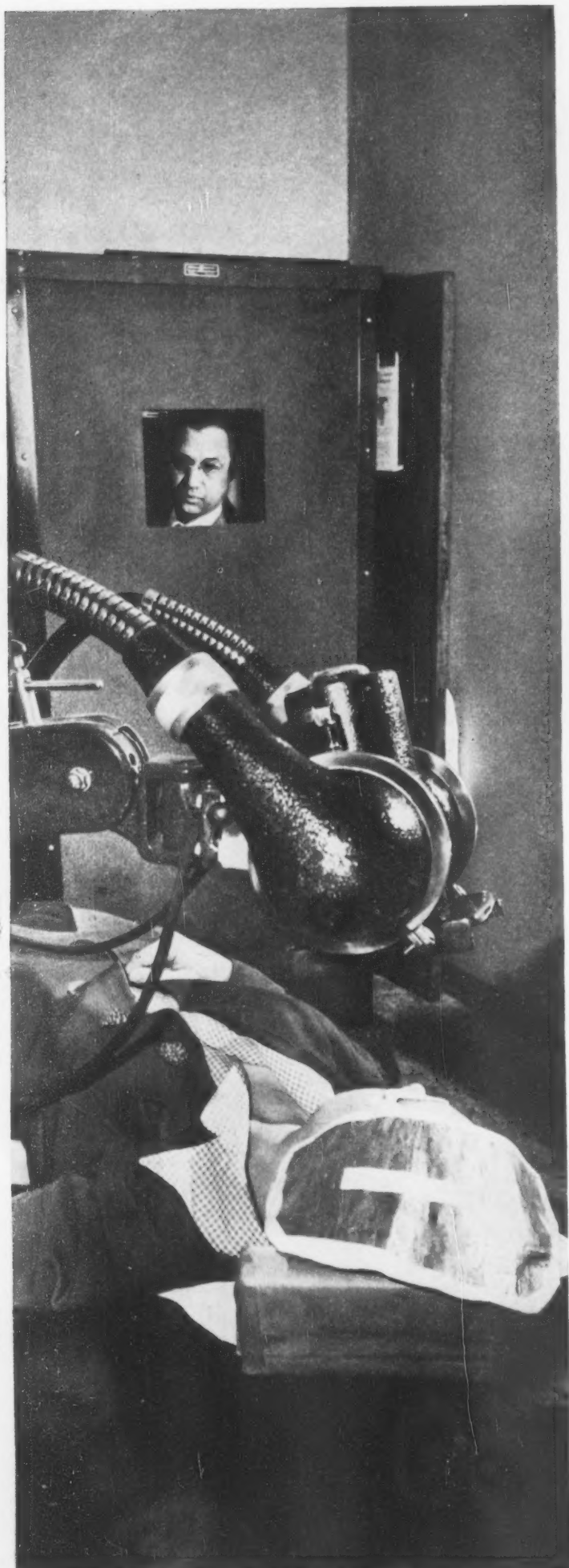


STAFF DOCTORS AT PROVIDENT CONSULT REGULARLY WITH DR. LAWLESS ON SKIN CASES. HIS LABORATORY IS OPEN TO ALL DOCTORS IN THE CITY, HAS SPECIAL MEDICAL PHOTOGRAPHY FACILITIES.

LAB
ICIA
VALUED AT ABOUT \$6,000. AVIS GREGER-
WHO HAS CHARGE OF LAB EQUIPMENT

TEACHER AS WELL AS DOCTOR, DR. LAWLESS TAKES TIME OUT TO INSTRUCT YOUNG
PROVIDENT INTERNE. LAWLESS TAUGHT AT NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY 21 YEARS.





X-RAYS cure some of the simple skin diseases which Dr. Lawless diagnoses. Others are much more complicated, like the case of the woman, who had been told for years she had syphilis. When Lawless revealed it as dreaded leprosy, her doctor fainted.



BLACK AND WHITE pattern of Dr. Lawless' office is always maintained. One white woman came to him because she was turning black. She suffered from underactivity of the suprenal gland. She has been coming back for five years to be bleached white with ager-riteolpa, which was developed when it was found that a Negro's hand turned white when exposed to the chemical in a tannery.

MEDICAL MEN lay much of the uncanny, curative technique of the former Louisiana-born busboy, waiter and butcher to his extensive knowledge and deep understanding of the human mechanism. Despite his quick, acid-tongue, his abrupt manner with patients, they flock to his door week after week.

They range from a wealthy, anti-Negro realtor who champions restrictive covenants to a ranking Hollywood pinup boy whose skin is his fortune. He has strange cases like these:

- A boy who broke out in bumps every time his girl kissed him. He was allergic to the dye in his girl friend's lipstick.

- A man with insomnia who broke out in rashes because he was allergic to the perfume his wife put on at night.

- A big, 250-pound man who slouched when he sat and who had raw skin on his posterior. Dr. Lawless prescribed sitting erect and in a few months the trouble disappeared.

- A girl with mysterious gashes on her throat from ear to ear who was found to admire her older sister who had a goiter operation. She inflicted the wounds on herself with her fingernails to imitate the scar on her sister's throat.

Although urged by his wealthier patients to charge more and handle fewer patients, he still concentrates on volume. "The more patients I see, the more I learn and the more I can cure," says this crack medical detective. He treats servicemen free.

Like other doctors, he doesn't cure everyone who comes to him. "It's the cases you don't cure, the ones that get away from you that you think about most," he says. "Some days it seems like they all baffle you and you long for just one nice easy acne case."

In the realm of skin coloring he has had at least one case of a man who wanted to stay black. He had been spotted by working with a chemical used to prevent rubber oxidation. A Negro girl came to him with a white birthmark on her cheek. Art Institute experts were called to duplicate her color and inject a tattoo chemical under the skin. But it didn't work.

"It flops. Nature won't be imitated," says Dr. Lawless.

He believes it is best to let skin stay as nature gave it to you. "All skins can be made beautiful," he declares.

ON THE TRAIL OF LEPROSY

LIFE'S AMBITION OF Dr. Lawless is to find the cause and cure of leprosy, which is perhaps the most terrible disease to hit man. Victims find their fingers falling off, blood circulation cut off.

For twelve years he dug frantically into the mysteries of the dread disease in a bold experiment to test his theory that the leprosy germ developed from tuberculosis bacilli. He tried injecting the t.b. germ into a hatch of fish, basing his tests on the fact that leprosy occurs mostly in people in the Pacific islands where fish is the main diet.

Climax of the experiment came when after 12 years of painstaking preparation slides were shipped in boxes from a Louisiana hatchery, placed in a sideroom in Lawless' office. He came home to study the slides and found that a janitor had mistaken the boxes for junk and piled them in the garbage can.

The most elaborate research attempted to trace the origin of leprosy was buried in the city dumps.

He is now on the trail of a Japanese doctor on one of the Pacific islands, who was in charge of a leprosy colony and is supposed to have discovered a pill which gives "the best results yet."

Aside from leprosy, there are some 200 other skin diseases which plague humans. But not a single one is due to skin color.

"Hell, they walk in here every day with everything under the sun," he says. "Some diseases are harder to detect in darker skins. Environment and diet may cause them to appear less frequently in other skins. But there are no diseases due to skin color."

Until Northwestern University decided he had a mite too much melanin, the crack dermatologist was the only Negro assistant professor on the million-dollar campus. He had worked his way up the hard way. Son of a Congregationalist minister, he lived in Louisiana where he was born until he left for Talladega College, then to the University of Kansas. He won his M.D. at Northwestern.

After graduation he went to Paris, then the center of skin study. He ran short of money, wrote his father for more. His father pledged more aid "if you promise to be the best in your profession." Dr. Lawless got the money and kept his promise.

Today in his South Side office, his practice is six times larger than all the other Chicago dermatologists together. He lives in an imposing, white-front, 18-room South Parkway home which also houses his offices.

Nights in the huge silent house, the bachelor-physician relaxes with light jazz records played on a beautiful \$1,000 Capehart. He likes to listen over and over again to the recording of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

He used to eat a quart of ice cream a night until his migraine headaches stopped him. He doesn't smoke or drink but will go for champagne or good French wine occasionally. Politically neither left or right, his only political activity is as a sponsor of the Chicago Civil Liberties Committee. He admires Russian scientists, thinks socialized medicine would be best for the Negro people.



COLLECTOR of skins, animal as well as human, Dr. Lawless' favorite is a lion skin, sent to him from Africa by a missionary friend.



READING constantly, Dr. Lawless keeps up on all new research. He gets no more than five hours sleep a night. His hobbies include golf and collecting Chinese art.



STILL USING HAND TOOLS, SINCLAIR HENRY JEETER TURNS OUT A LIMB IN 12 TO 14 DAYS FOR AN UPPER AMPUTATION, 10 DAYS FOR A LOWER. WEARER IS FITTED TWICE BEFORE LIMB IS FINISHED.

LEG MAN

Only Negro artificial limb maker helps wounded walk

BIGGEST tragedy of past wars, next to loss of life, was loss of limbs by thousands of soldiers in battle. But thanks to the scientific skill of artificial limb makers, victims of World War II are walking the streets of the nation today virtually as normal, everyday folks. The mechanical legs of 1946 are a far cry from the traditional peg legs of sea pirates of the past.

Artificial limb making today is a big industry working on a mass production, assembly line basis. Lone holdout is a

veteran leg maker, rugged individualist Sinclair Henry Jeeter, who is the only Negro in the business in the nation. In two small, old shops in Dover Plains, N. Y. Pop. 800, Jeeter turns out a new leg every 12 to 14 days, has been at it now for 36 years.

Nearing his 70th year, he is worried about his business, wants some interested Negro youths to learn the business. Otherwise he plans to turn his factory over to one of the Negro schools.

FROM ALL over the United States into the little shop of Henry Sinclair Jeeter of Dover Plains, N. Y., just 23 miles outside Poughkeepsie come orders to the only Negro artificial limb maker in the country.

"My customers are sent me by those I have made limbs for," Jeeter explains with pride in his work. He takes great care in the manufacture of his legs and boasts that "when you wear this limb, you don't hop. You walk naturally."

Jeeter has made a study of walking, operates a special foot correction studio, where doctors send their patients. He perfected a foot arch support that is widely used. "After I get through with people, they look down and wonder if they have any feet. They feel like they are floating on air," he laughs.

His "patients" include diabetic cases and children needing braces. Doctors send them to his shop rather than a medical foot specialist.

Another one of his achievements is the development of the only lateral motion limb, which is supposed to imitate in every way the natural action of the leg. He holds a patent on this invention (Pat. 2215525). The Fisher Body Company and two other firms have been trying to buy it or handle it on a royalty basis ever since he got the patent in September, 1944.

"I refuse all of them because I want to be sure that I'm doing the right thing. I think the right thing is to keep the business in the Negro race, if possible," he adds.



WOOD SUPPLY COMES FROM NEARBY FOREST. IT IS AGED A FEW YEARS BEFORE BEING USED.



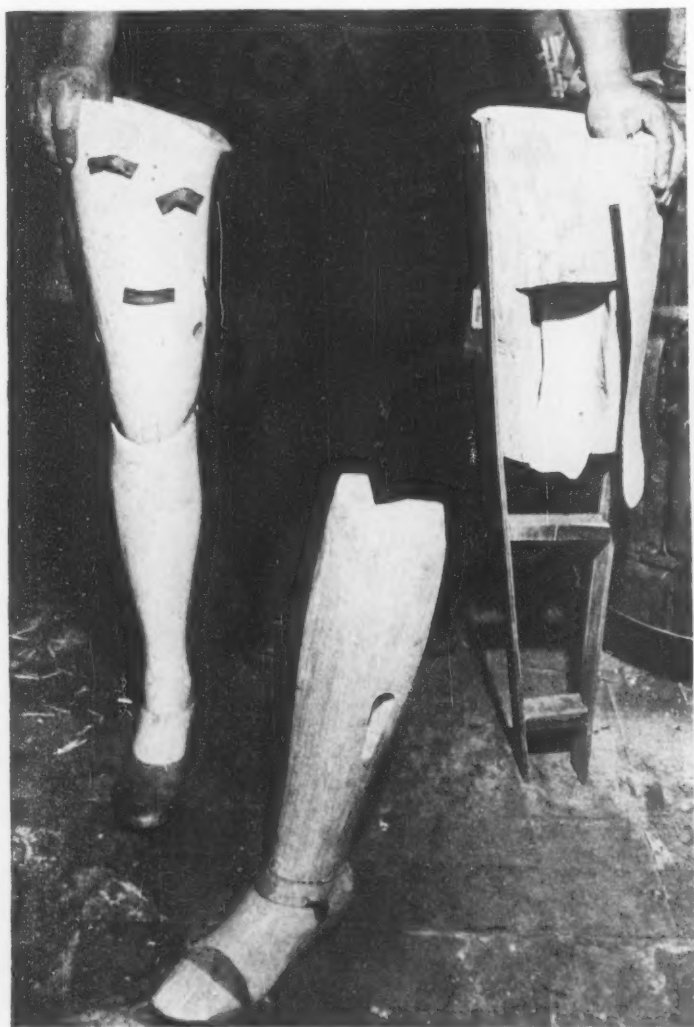
WILLOW TREES ARE USED TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. TANNIC ACID IN WILLOW HAS HEALING POWER. THIS PIECE BECAUSE OF SHAPE WILL BE USED TO MAKE COMBINATION SHIN AND FOOT.



MECHANICAL DRILL is used to cut out center of crude piece of willow before shaping begins. Jeeter has more business than he can handle. His main trouble is labor shortage. He employs transients to help him.



AT HIS WORK BENCH, final job of smoothing is done. He worked for 17 years for C. A. Frees in Kingsbridge, N. Y., making limbs before he started on his own in Dover Plains, N. Y. where he has been for 30 years.



STAGES of artificial limb building. Foot is complete on left, rough leg in center and thigh on right. Last is made to be fitted to stump. Slats are made to enable wearer to see if it fits by actually walking on it.



FINISHED PRODUCT is proudly displayed by Jeeter. He shipped many legs to army in both World War I and II. His place has been sold and he must move now. He lives alone, his wife having died years ago. His one son, Buster, 27, is in government work.



RAWHIDE provides skin for artificial legs. It gives foot real strength. Aside from making artificial limbs, Jeeter has few interests. He listens to the radio, reads lots of books, enjoys occasional movie.



LACED GADGET over a life size drawing of a little girl's leg which is bent out of shape shows how Jeeter, holding a spring, straightens legs. The spring applies pressure and eventually forces leg straight.



PATENT for Jeeter's natural motion limb is his proudest possession. "There is not a leg concern in the country that I haven't had dealings with," he says. He sells limb wood to many big companies.



START in artificial limb business was made by Jeeter some 40 years ago when a Negro friend lost both his legs. Jeeter and several others tried to raise money to buy him artificial limbs but they failed to get enough. Jeeter undertook the job and succeeded although he had never seen a limb maker working and was never instructed. All he had was his experience as a union carpenter.



EVEN THOUGH ONLY A CHORUS GIRL, CARMEN ALEXANDER GETS LOTS OF FAN MAIL FROM GI'S.

A DAY AT HOME WITH A CHORUS GIRL

BROADWAY'S bright lights beckon bobby soxers the nation 'round like a lamplight attracts a moth. But being born in New York City does not immunize glamour-minded teen-agers from the Main Stem glitter.

Typical of the many who gave up prosaic jobs for show business is tall, brown-skinned Carmen Alexander, three-show veteran at the age of 22. EBONY visited her at home to find how a Negro chorus girl spends a day.



NOON Carmen is a late riser, gets home to bed in the a. m. hours. She skips breakfast at 12 o'clock usually but has to wash the dishes from the midnight snack the evening before.



12:30 Next order of business is the morning bath. Carmen lives in a five-room uptown apartment with her foster mother and brother, Frederick, a clothing designer.



1:00 Dressing comfortably in a tight-fitting sweater, Carmen grabs a book to catch up on her reading. In between paragraphs she eats apples or candy when she's not reducing.

CHORISTER CARMEN FINDS ROUTINE IN SHOW BUSINESS TOO

IF CARMEN ALEXANDER had any notions about a fast, free and frivolous life for a Broadway chorus girl, they were dispelled when she landed a job in Billy Rose's *Carmen Jones*. The rhythm is speedier and she stays up later nights but she complains that she has to follow a more rigorous routine than a girl at "a Methodist detention house."

It is now three years since she gave up her 9 to 5 schedule as a United States Employment Service office worker to go on the stage. She's changed her way of living but she still faces a schedule—perhaps more trying than an office girl's. She now worries about rehearsal time

and curtain time, wastelines and scriptlines.

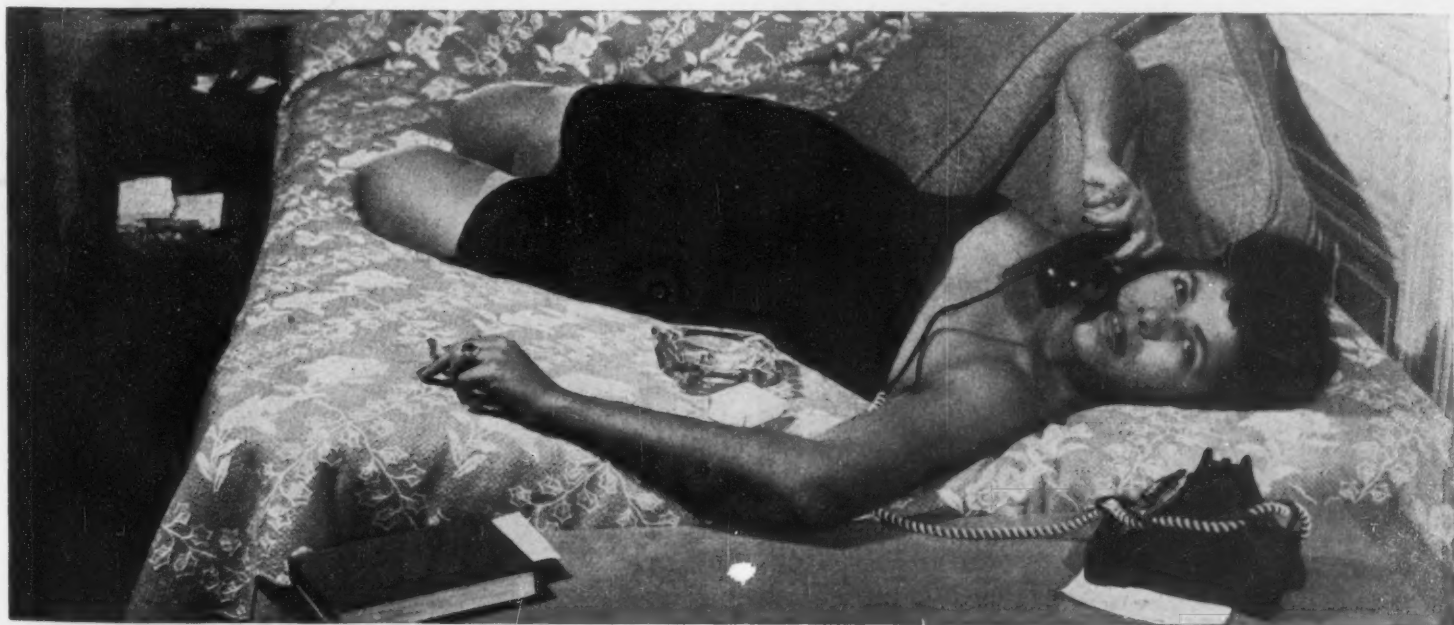
It's been three long years but her name still has never been in lights. Her billing is always near the bottom of the program. Now in her third show, *Show Boat*, she's still listed as a mezzo-soprano in the chorus.

She was a chorister in *Carmen Jones* and a chorister in *Porgy and Bess*. In the current *Show Boat* she is a member of the Negro singing chorus, one of four choruses in the show. However, she does have a chance to display individual personality since every chorus girl in this new production is gowned separately at an average cost of \$300.

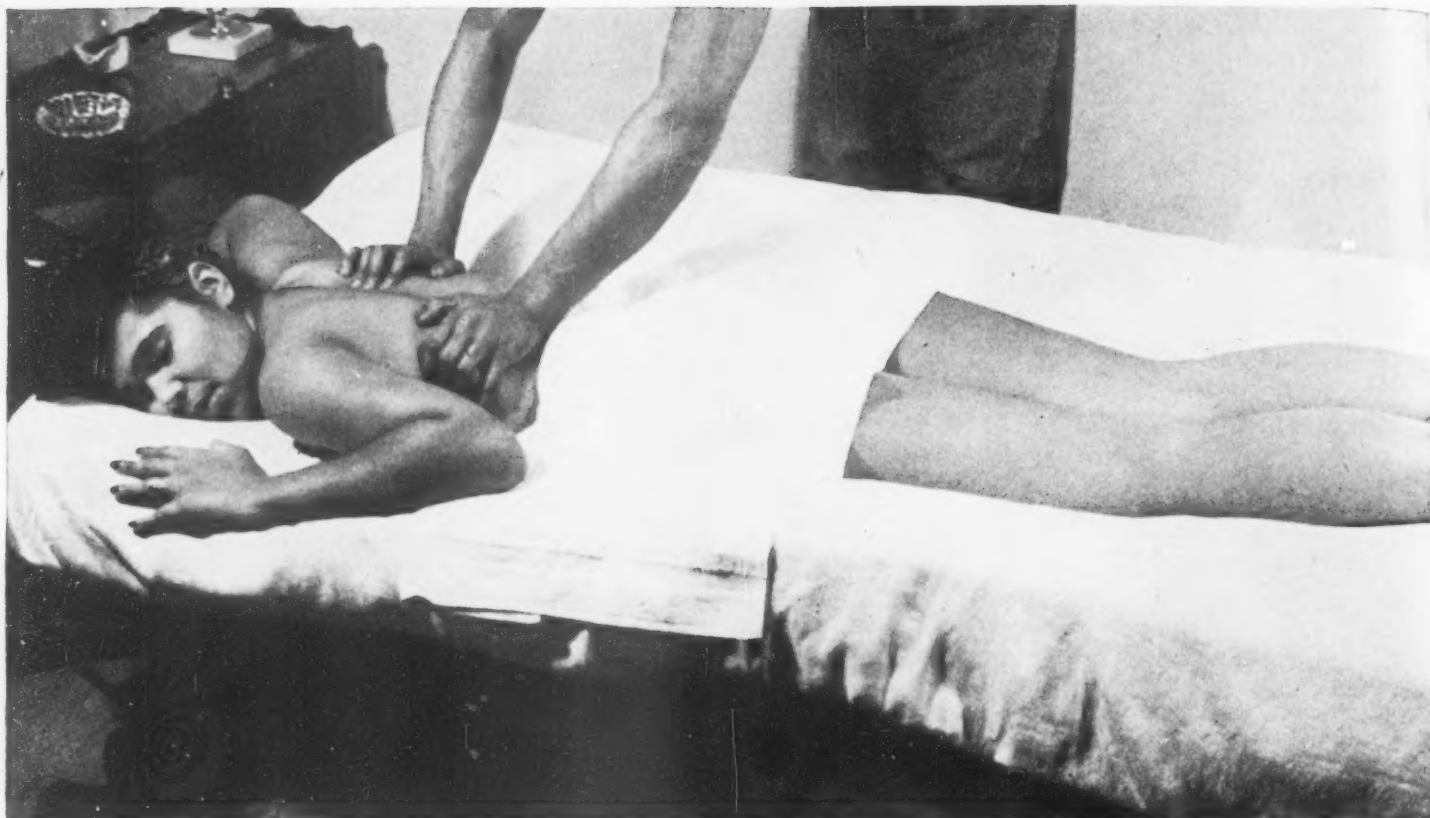
Biggest reward for Carmen Alexander has been a fat pay envelope. She has earned up to \$85 a week as a chorus girl, which is a lot of money to anyone who was making no more than \$20 a week at a typewriter a few short years back. "It sure is thrilling to know you can earn your living with your voice," she says.

"I'm no Marian Anderson or Portia White," she admits, "but I can and do sing."

Despite her success, Carmen has definite ideas about quitting in the future if she is still just a member of the chorus. She gives herself two more years. If she doesn't go any higher, she says she will quit and go back to the office or get married.



3:00 By mid-afternoon she wants to take a nap but the phone insists on ringing. No nap. She makes an appointment for a singing lesson the next day. "On days when I don't rehearse 8 to 12 hours I should rest. But I don't. I just putter around and stay awake."



3:30 The masseur was supposed to come at 1:30 but was late. "I need spot reduction of the shoulders and hips. I never thought of having a massage when I was working as an office girl at USES but now it seems natural." After the massage she had a shower.

OUT OF the chorus line have come such topflight Negro stars as Lena Horne and Josephine Baker. But they have been the standout exceptions to the rule that most girls start and finish with clogs on their feet.

Working conditions have come a long way since depression days when girls were making no more in instances than \$10 a week in night clubs and could get jobs only via the casting couch. Today in New York where chorus girls are unionized, wages range from \$35 up to \$100 a week. In other cities average pay is from \$30 to \$40 a week.

Color plays a big part in hiring and the lighter the color the better the job.

Girls put in an average of five hours a night, actually dance about an hour and a half in the four usual shows put on by most clubs.

Unlike white chorus girls who end up with "sugar daddies," Negro dancers usually end up marrying ordinary working stiff.



4:30 Foster brother Freddy gets home and they exchange gossip and chat. Then he helps her in going over her role in *Show Boat*. She changes dresses as many as five or six times a day.



5:00 Freddy has a new model he wants to try out and Carmen models for him. This number will ultimately have a flowered bodice and a black skirt.



5:30 Carmen starts reminiscing about her experiences in the South Pacific and drags this grass skirt out of a trunk. "Natives turn 'em out by the gross for the sucker trade. They wanted \$15 for this little number but I haggled 'em down to four."

CARMEN WAITS LUCKY BREAK TO SKYROCKET TO STARDOM

UNTIL she became a chorus girl, Carmen Alexander never left New York City, where she was born. Her only journey across the Hudson River since has been to the South Pacific with a handy-sized USO edition of *Porgy And Bess*.

She started as a chorus girl quite by accident. "I heard that Billy Rose was casting for *Carmen Jones*. I'd been singing Carmen for years. All of a sudden the 9 to 5 number made me ill.

"I tried out for Carmen and they liked me. I had expected a solo role. They put me in the chorus. I loved it. It was so, so much different from office work.

"All of a sudden my year at Hunter College and all the other things I'd done seemed so far away. I was moving in another world that had unlimited possibilities. Negroes have a high ceiling on them in the theater."

Carmen looks ahead to the future with hope, works hard in rehearsals, spends long hours at home learning her role in a show.

She is waiting for that one lucky break that will skyrocket her to stardom overnight as it has other Negro celebrities.

In the new lavish \$300,000 production of *Show Boat*, which drew the critics' plaudits and which will be done in a Hollywood movie soon, Carmen is just a chorus girl but she figures she may catch some producer's eye and get a better part her next time on stage.



5:45 Out of the trunk come more war mementoes. "Nothing happened really. Nobody shot at me and everything went along smoothly. Oh, I almost drowned swimming at New Florida Islands but a soldier saved me. I guess I'd keep these things on the mantel if I had a mantel."

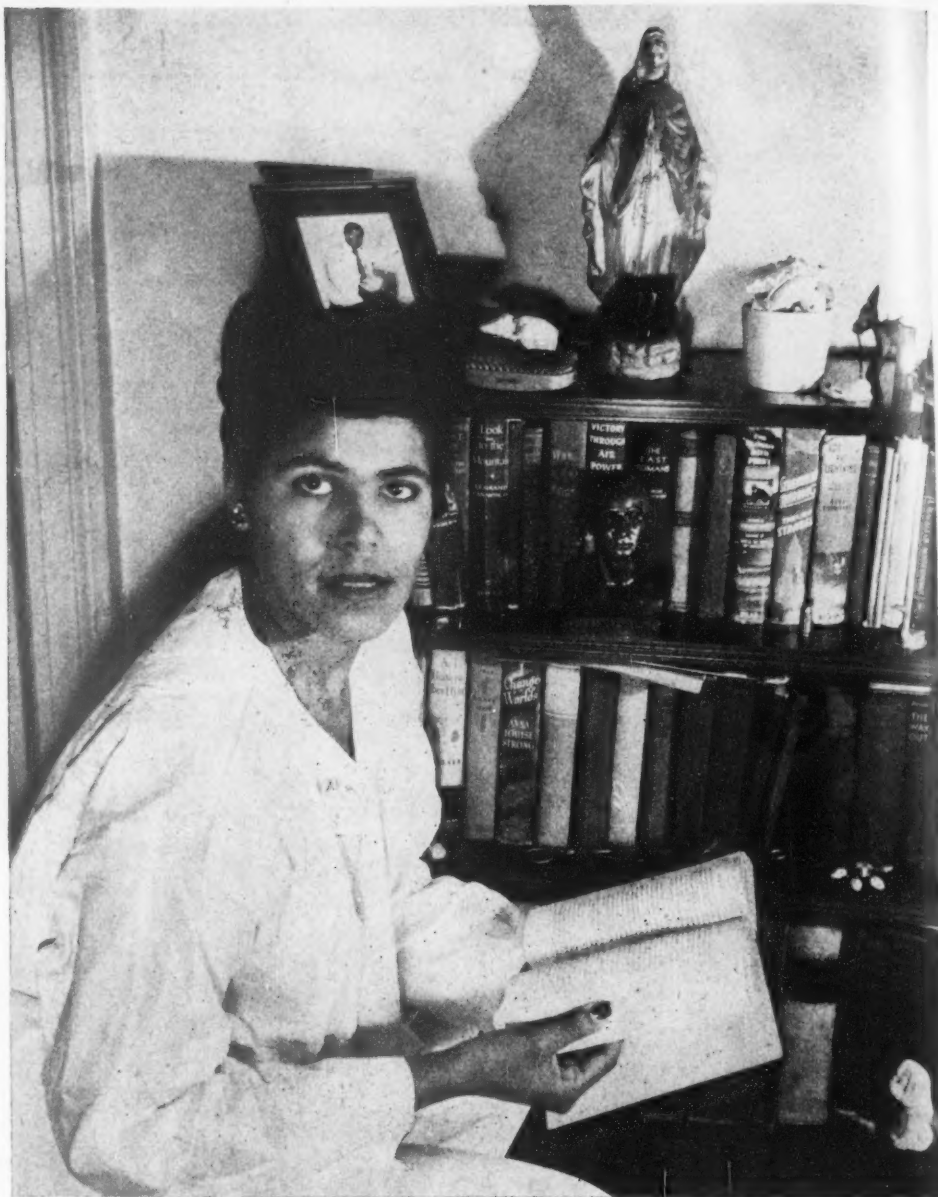


7:00 "Now you see why I want to reduce. I always wanted to see a picture of me in a bathing suit so here goes. How do I look? That must be my supper showing."

HIP TROUBLE

BIG WORRY in Carmen Alexander's life is her hips. When she was an office girl, a girdle could handle the problem but as chorus girl hips become a more complicated question.

"I'm heavy hipped and need slenderizing garments," she explains. But a chorus girl wears gay costumes that "accentuate the negative" parts of Carmen. She does exercise regularly, calls in a masseuse, watches her diet but the hips still hang around.



12:00 Back from her chores in *Show Boat*, Carmen climbs into a pair of comfy pajamas and is ready for another go at the bookshelf. Recently she read *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* by Paul Lawrence Dunbar but "thought it was dull." She thumbs through a book until something catches her eye. Then she reads until interest lags.



3:30 It's getting chilly and Carmen dons a warm bathrobe. Her book is getting boring so she gets a copy of *EBONY* and "it takes the sleep away."



IN 'SHOW BOAT' CARMEN ALEXANDER SINGS WITH THE BIG CHORUS. SHE IS 22 BUT SHE ONCE PUT HER AGE UP TO LOOK "MORE MATURE." NOW SHE GOES BY WHAT HER BIRTH CERTIFICATE SAYS.

IN THE new *Show Boat*, Carmen Alexander is appearing in a production which is far cry from earlier presentations. Times and attitudes have changed in the 19 years since the first *Show Boat* opened. The musical has been changed according.

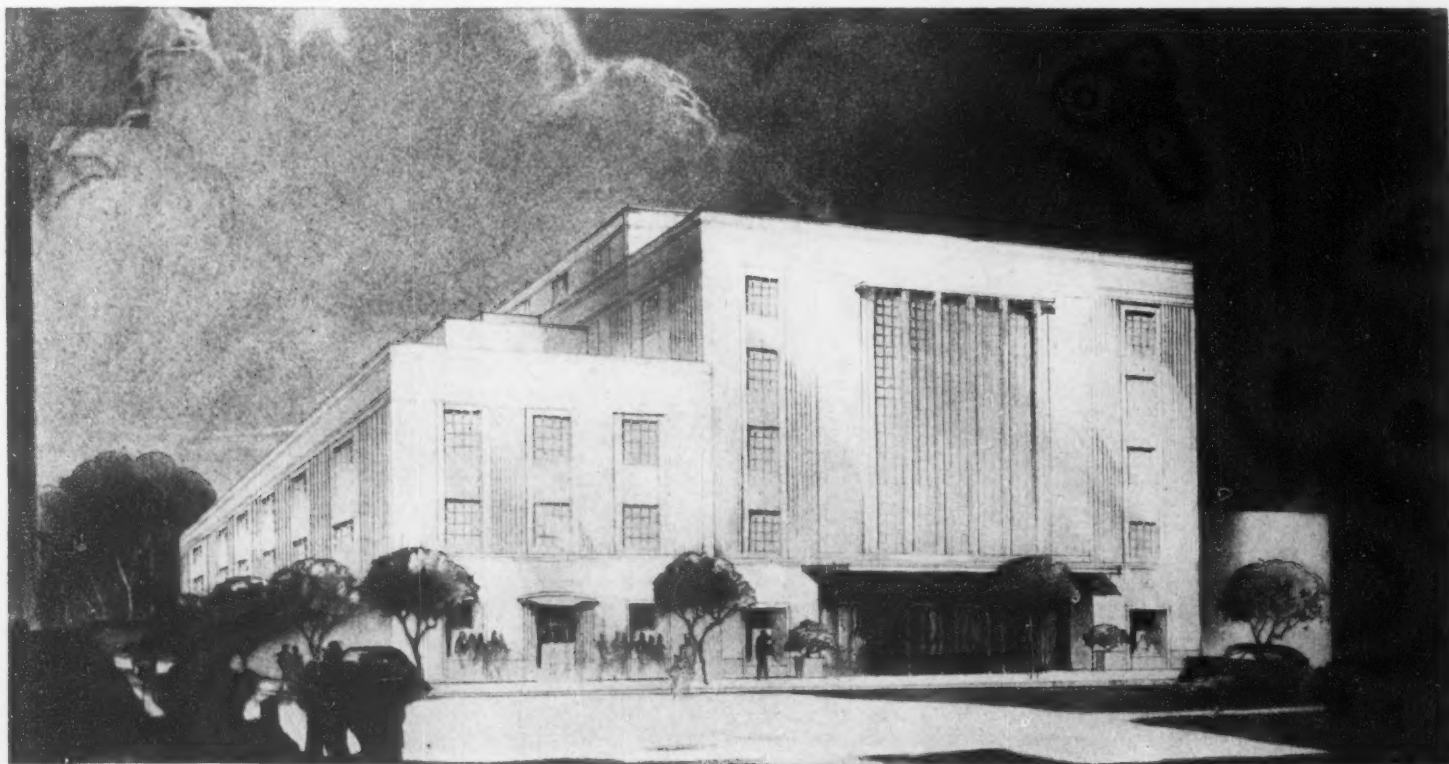
Kenneth Spencer and Pearl Primus, who handle singing and dancing assignments, are both progressive thinkers on the racial problem and would not have taken their roles unless some of the lines were changed. The original verse of *Old Man River* which read "Niggers all work

on the Mississippi, niggers all work while the white folks play," now is sung "Cullud folks work on the Mississippi, cullud folks work while the white folks play."

Only the villains in the show use the word "nigger" in the new version.



DREAM HOME built by Paul Williams for industrialist William Payne near San Francisco. This is the kind of a stately mansion that Williams would like to live in himself, the kind that he can afford. But he lives in a small, inexpensive home in an unrestricted Los Angeles neighborhood because, as he once wrote, "For the preservation of my happiness, I must always live in that locality because I am a Negro."



MILLION-DOLLAR DEPARTMENT STORE in luxurious Beverly Hills was designed for Saks Fifth Avenue by Williams. He gets commissions from all over the U. S., including the Deep South.



PAUL WILLIAMS AT THE DRAWING BOARD. HE DRAWS UPSIDE DOWN WHILE SKETCHING FOR CLIENTS ACROSS HIS DESK.

DESIGNER FOR LIVING

America's ace architect Paul Williams attains fame and fortune blueprinting stately mansions

IN A NATION where Negroes live in architectural atrocities of slums and shanties, a Negro has become one of the foremost designers of vast, stately country houses and estates. He is tall, handsome, white-haired Paul Williams, one of America's most successful architects.

With offices in Los Angeles, Washington and Bogota, South America, Williams has rocketed to the peak of success with an annual income in six figures, some 20 years after he took his first job at \$7 a week. In a luxury field where prejudice is at its peak, the ambitious, aloof architect for Hollywood movie celebrities has cracked all color barriers through sheer talent, sweat and will power.

(Continued on Next Page)



HARD, FAST WORKER, WILLIAMS WHO WILL BE 52 THIS MONTH MAINTAINS A SPEEDY PACE IN HIS OFFICE. HE HANDLED TWELVE MILLION DOLLARS OF WAR WORK IN THE LOS ANGELES AREA ALONE.

SEVERAL years back a party of South American businessmen stopping in Beverly Hills, California, were so enchanted by the city, they decided to commission a California architect to construct a million-dollar hotel planned for Medellin, Colombia. Walking through the residential district, they picked the five houses they liked best, then inquired who had built them. They found Paul Williams had created three, gave him the job.

Since then he has won a big business in South America, at present is building two more hotels in big cities. He maintains a large office in Bogota, Colombia.

Williams first won honors when in his fourth year as a draftsman in an architect's office, he designed a low-priced residence and entered it in a Hearst newspaper model house contest. He was first among 3,000 contestants.

He got his first job after graduation from the University of California and

Beaux Art Institute of Design by taking a Los Angeles telephone book, copying the names of all the architects and then going to see them one by one until he found one willing to employ a Negro.

On his job as an apprentice, he secretly took home blueprints and worked out specification details through half the night. His boss thought him a wizard of speed, gave him a raise from \$7 to \$15 a week.



PRIDE of a proud architect are Paul Williams' two daughters, Norma, 17, and Marilyn, 20. He has been married almost 30 years. His wife, the former Della Givens, is an honor college graduate. Norma wants to follow in her father's footsteps, become an architect. She is still in high school, studies painting and piano as hobbies.

WILLIAMS CRACKS COLOR LINE WITH INDIVIDUAL ACHIEVEMENT

AS A SUCCESSFUL businessman, Paul Williams does not think as most American Negroes. He believes race prejudice can be conquered by individual achievement, rather than mass pressure. Back in 1937 he wrote in a magazine article: "White Americans have a reasonable basis for their prejudice against the Negro race."

Williams makes it a rule "never to attend social gatherings where white women are to be present." He declares he has no desire to be socially accepted by whites, thinks the Negro should preserve the social barriers that set him apart from white America.

He associates with an exclusive West Coast set of Negro professionals—doctors, lawyers, artists, musicians, teachers, engineers—who view the lot of the Negro underdog with detached "objectivity." Williams votes Republican, belongs to the Elks and Masons. Most of his social life is spent at home, a modest, inexpensive house furnished in period style except for an informal redwood den which has

a convenient fireplace for barbecue suppers.

In his own sparkling career, Williams has proved the validity of his racial theories—at least as far as he is concerned. Through self-accomplishment he has cracked color discrimination.

Born in Los Angeles, he played with white kids in his early years and did not discover the race problem until he went out to find a job as a schoolboy. He finally worked his way through college and art school by making and selling artistic watch fobs.

While still at Los Angeles Polytechnic high school he determined to become an architect. When he told his instructor, the teacher gaped in astonishment.

"Who ever heard of a Negro being an architect?" he said and pointed out that Negroes do not build fine houses, that Williams would have to depend on white clients for a livelihood. "You have ability—but use it some other way. Don't butt your head futilely against the stone wall of race prejudice."

He thought over the advice, made up his mind that the only way to conquer prejudice was through the efforts of capable individual Negroes like himself "to rise above the cultural level of their kind." He accepted the challenge and succeeded in becoming one of the top architects in America.

It wasn't easy. Customers would "freeze" when they discovered he was a Negro. He used tricks like telling clients he didn't do any homes costing less than \$10,000, like drawing plans upside down for a client seated opposite him, like turning out blueprints at phenomenal speed by working 24 hours at a stretch.

Soon he found his reputation sold and he didn't need tricks. His competency sold designs. He was able to compete with and beat white architects by doing a better job. And his color was forgotten by the very men in high places who had their doubts about him because he was a Negro.

He consults today almost daily with the white leaders of the financial, intellectual and cultural world on a basis of equality.



WITH AN INTERRACIAL STAFF of 17 draftsmen, Williams turns out the most beautiful homes of the Hollywood movie colony. He has designed costly estates for Grace Moore, Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, Zazu Pitts, Leon Errol and Richard Arlen. He turns away fourth of business offered him.



\$100,000 RESIDENCE BUILT FOR CHARLES CORRELL, THE ANDY OF 'AMOS 'N ANDY.'

SMALL HOMES & TAJ MAHALS

SPECIALTY of Paul Williams has been building of low-priced homes (2,000 in 18 years). He has written a best seller on the subject, *The Small House Of Tomorrow*.

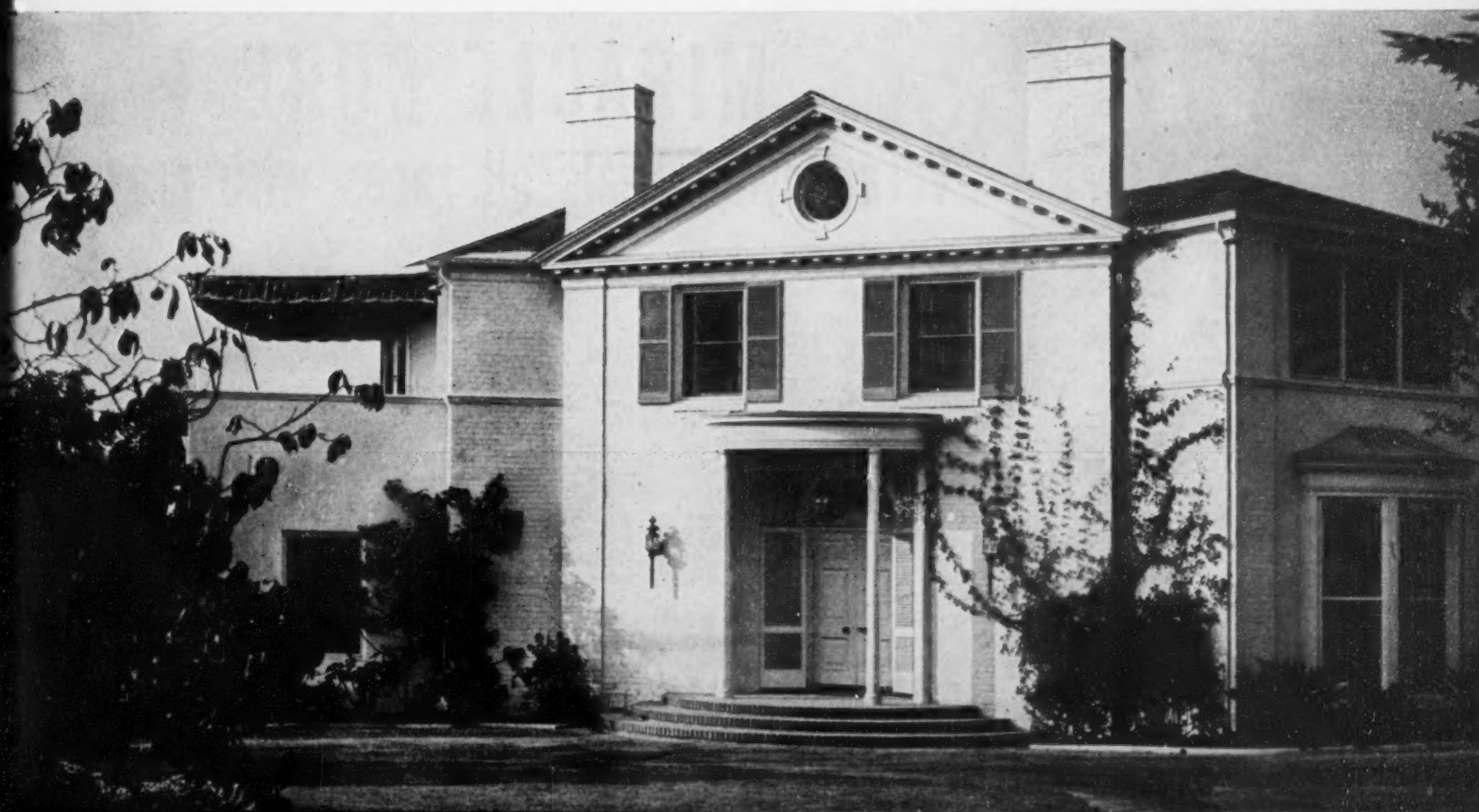
But his most spectacular work has been in constructing the costly Taj Mahals of movie stars. In designing the sprawling, dazzling homes for Hollywood personalities, he personally has preferred a simplified colonial style. Typical examples are the beautiful Charles Correll (Andy of Amos 'n Andy) home and the imposing Music Corporation of America building in Beverly Hills, which won an American Institute of Architects award as one of the most outstanding designs in Southern California.

For his smaller homes, however, Williams' blueprints are essentially modern. "It's cheaper and more functional," he admits recognizing the architectural weather-vane.

He has had valuable experience in the small house field. Most of his early work was on little jobs since he could not successfully compete for big jobs. He labored often on these plans as diligently as he does today for a huge mansion and learned to make the most of every dollar for his clients with limited incomes.

Williams draws up designs for homes to meet individual needs. He studies the economic problems, habits and tastes of a client before attempting to sketch a blueprint.

TYRONE POWER'S HOME IN BRENTWOOD, CALIF., DESIGNED BY WILLIAMS IS SIMPLE, DIGNIFIED.





AN AILING WHITE WOMAN EARNESTLY MUTTERS A PRAYER AS VERA BOYKIN SEEKS TO HELP HER.



AT HOME, VERA IS ALMOST SHY, READS THE BIBLE REGULARLY, WEARS NO JEWELRY OR MAKEUP.

MIRACLE CURE

Vera Boykin heals all races with prayer

TO THE lame, the halt and the blind desperate for a miracle cure, tall, demure, soft-spoken Vera Boykin is nothing less than sensational. In the presence of the 26-year-old St. Louis evangelist, race and color fade in a fanfare of fanaticism that has without question brought relief and succor to the crippled and incurable.

First in a small Kennerly temple of the Church of God In Christ in St. Louis and now in tours to every major city in the nation, the youthful preacher's daughter has broken down all color lines with fervent revivals that "make sick people feel better." Many white followers flock to her services and are all loud in their praises of her miraculous healing.

Elder Daniel Bostick, from whom she got "the spirit of the Lord" when she came up to the pulpit to be prayed for in March 1940, vouches that she "has cured indigestion, headaches, rheumatism and heart disease." Her fame has spread far

and wide and her revivals attract immense crowds of all races to see, worship and be healed. Her most recent tour was to California where she preached to Negroes, whites, Mexicans, Chinese.

Her revivals are a spectacle of religious frenzy. She dances, chants, wildly swings her arms, rather than preach or sing hymns. She goes up and down the aisle of the church and touches people, who usually fall out on the floor. Color means nothing as white and Negroes join in impassioned, intense worship.

She has been a member of the Church of God in Christ since she was 13 but first got the "call" six years ago while a student at Stowe Teachers College. Her religious work did not interfere with her college work and three years ago she got a bachelor of science degree from Lincoln University with education as her major. Her former teachers describe her as an "average student."



AFFLICTED LEGS OF THIS WHITE WOMAN COME BACK TO LIFE AS VERA "LAYS ON HANDS" DURING A ST. LOUIS REVIVAL. VERA SAYS HER POWER TO CURE CANNOT BE EXPLAINED TO ONE NOT OF THE SAME FAITH.

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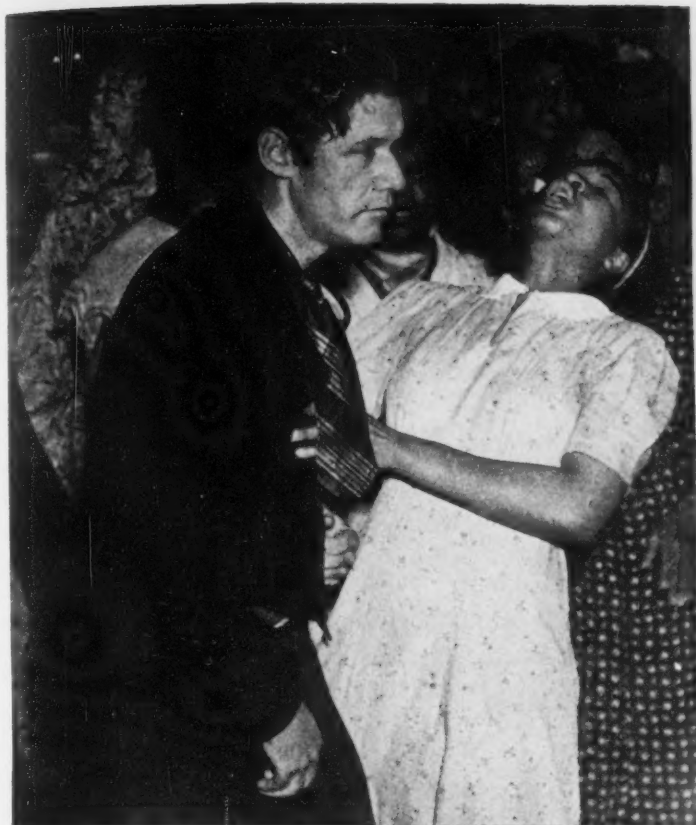
PARALYZED FINGERS of this white follower of Vera Boykin did not relax through the Church of God in Christ ceremony despite chants of Vera and her aides. Although Vera has been invited very often to homes of white followers, she makes it a policy never to go. She is a good cook herself, eats lots of spaghetti, sews most of her clothes.



"BELIEVE IN JESUS," the congregation shouts as man with paralyzed fingers raises his hands. Hundreds of Negroes and whites have been brought into the church through Vera's work.



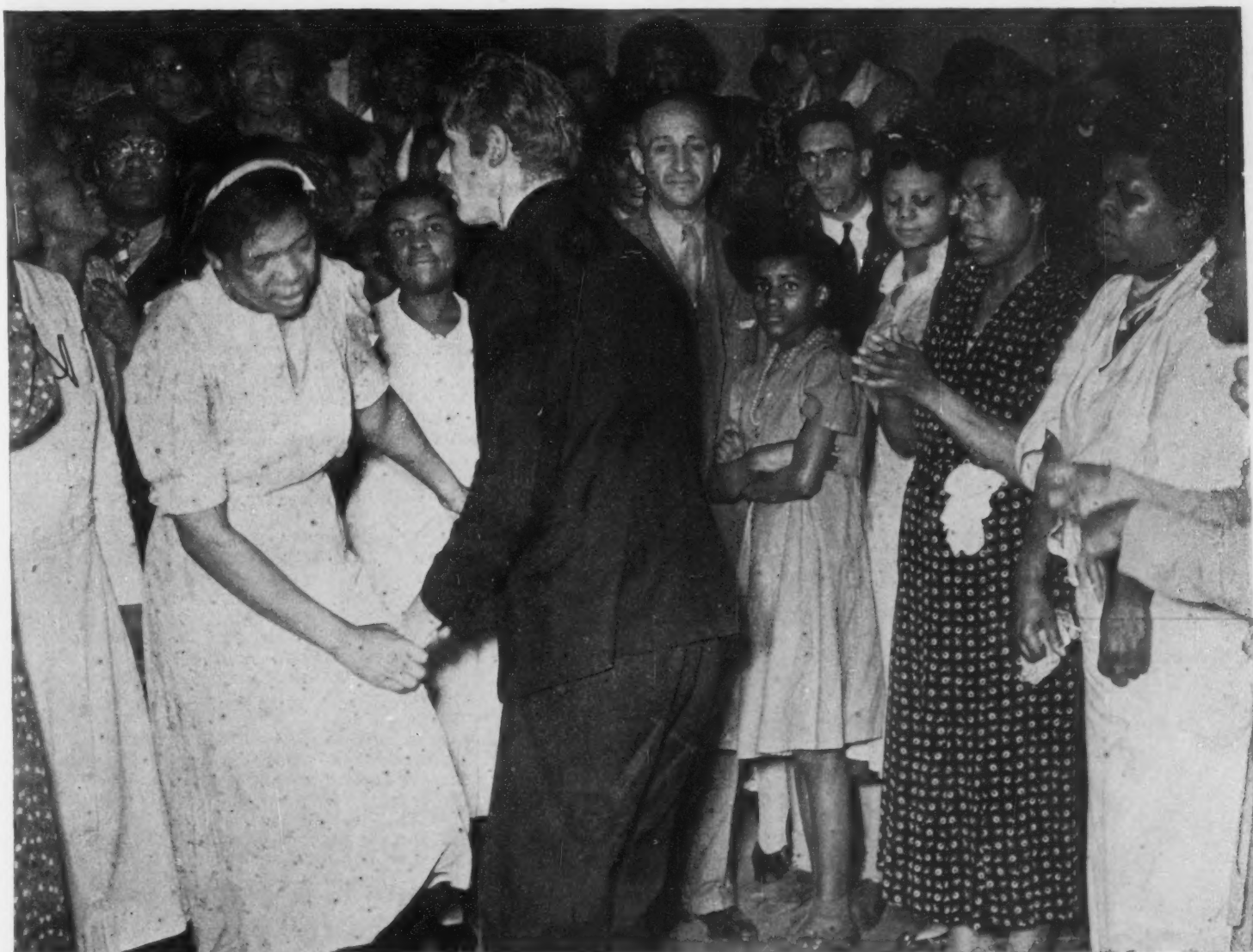
PROSTRATE on the floor after being touched by Vera, the white believer continues his ardent prayer but his fingers still are paralyzed. Vera emphasizes faith in God, rather than miracles.



EYES CLOSED AND LIMPING, this man is pushed about by Vera in her shuffling gait as the church members join in her chant. He opened his eyes after a while.



SKIPPING around an ailing member of the congregation, Vera never stops her unchanging chant. She hops around the sick "dancing the devil out of them," one follower explains.



SHUFFLING DANCE with a sick follower sometimes lasts two hours as Vera continually sings one or two phrases. She never continues a revival in one spot more than 20 days. "It is a part of me," she says, "something I must do to exist." She also conducts junior choir of her church, likes to work on Bible crossword puzzles.



SALES MANAGER ALLAN GATEWOOD BRINGS IN AN ORDER FOR THE NOVELTY FURNITURE COMPANY. SECRETARY BETTY GATEWOOD, HIS SISTER, ENTERS THE ORDER IN THE RECORDS.



ASSEMBLY LINE PRODUCTION METHODS START WITH BEVERLY GATEWOOD, BETTY'S TWIN SISTER, WHO LETTERS NAMES ON A WOOD STRIP, TRACING FROM STANDARD LETTERS IN THE CABINET IN FRONT OF HER.

KID BUSINESS

NOT MANY youths under the age of 20 can boast about collecting regular dividends from their stocks and bonds. Down on Chicago's South Side, there are at least 14 Negro youngsters who have been getting a regular dividend check now for the past four years. They are stockholders in the Novelty Furniture Company, a business in miniature which they operate in their spare time after school.

The Novelty Furniture Company manufactures wooden desk name logs. All the executives of the company—from president to secretary—are teen-agers.

Organized "not for profit," the booming business of these junior capitalists has nevertheless found its assets growing annually and its board of stockholders has had to disburse its profits in the form of dividends and bonuses. This is aside from the weekly checks to the working stockholders in the company who draw wages ranging from \$4 to \$10 depending on their production records.

The company, organized with a virtually insignificant capitalization just about the time America entered the war, has found a ready market for its product—small, handsome name plates which are designed by the company directors themselves and sell for \$1.25 each. In some cases the orders are custom-made with the customer determining the pattern for the name plate to go on his desk, in his window or other suitable display spot.

Begun by Lawrence Dozier, 39, a quiet-spoken, efficient cabinet maker who is now its director, the Novelty Furniture Company is part of Junior Achievement of Chicago, Inc., which is a joint venture of some thousand youths in 40 groups, each of which runs its own business. The Negro unit is one of the most successful and has branched out so rapidly that it now sells its products all over the nation.

Original Novelty stock cost 50 cents, now worth dollar

SALESMANSHIP is a key to any business success and Novelty Furniture Company directors personally plug their product to keep their midget factory going at full production.

They have won considerable neighborhood support for their enterprise. Sales are made mostly to local business and professional men. With their product's reputation spreading, Novelty name plates are now found in offices throughout the country too.

Every transaction is made on a personal basis. The salesman gets the order, comes back to the plant and has it entered. Then Novelty workmen design it, work it out, finish it, pack it and the salesman is ready to deliver it. He collects his check and the amount is entered in the company books. After the necessary expenses are deducted, each worker on the job gets paid his share.

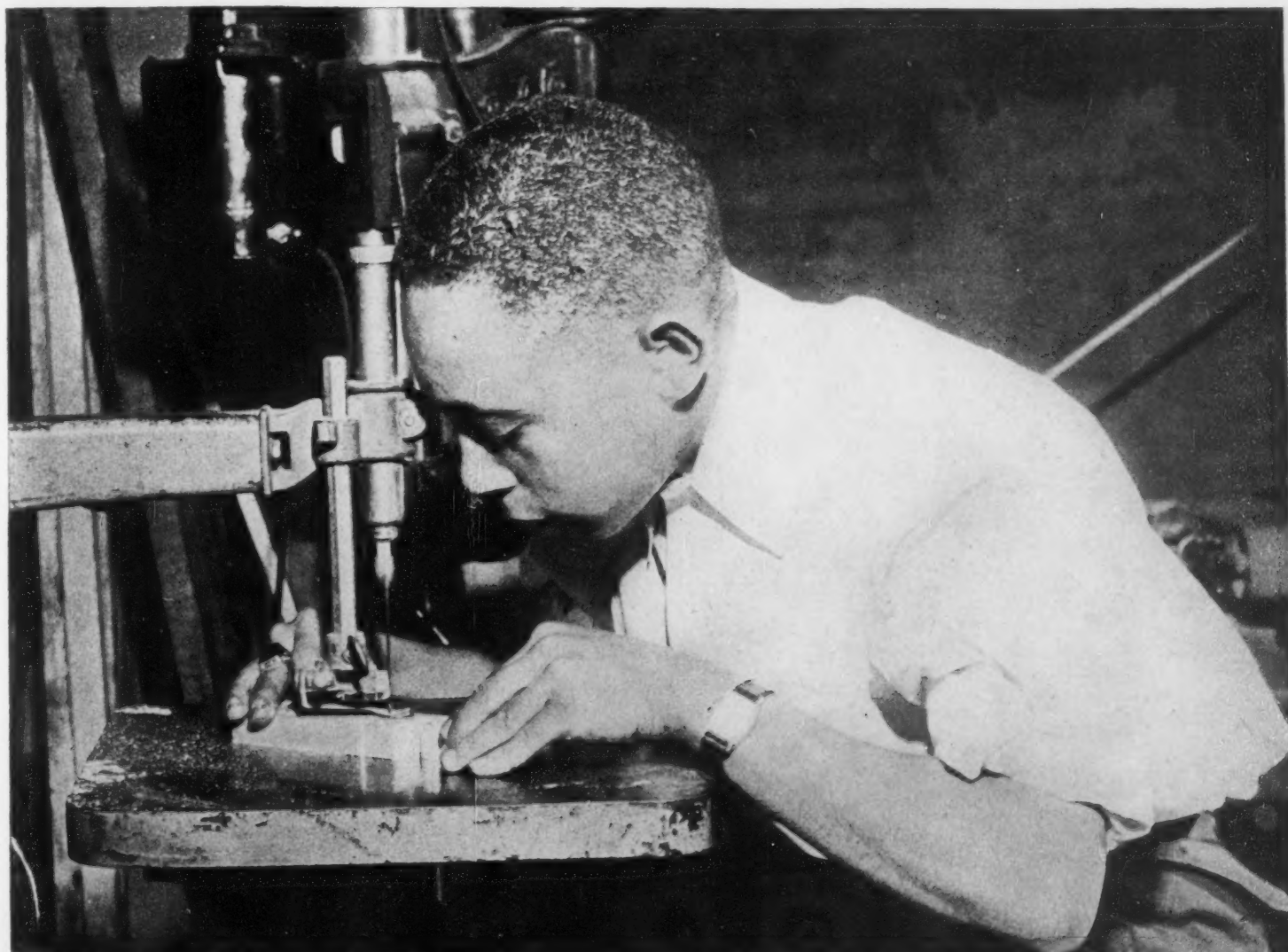
Original stock in the company sold for 50 cents a share, is now worth \$1. Total capitalization has grown from \$50 to \$250. In February a two per cent dividend will be issued. Volume of business last year rose to \$2,500.

Customers for the company's name plates are in at least a dozen states, include both Negroes and whites. Wartime boom of trade from army officers who wanted name plates for their camp desks gave Novelty Furniture a big spurt. Some 150 "graduates" of Novelty in the services did a good public relations job for their old "firm." Negro universities, like Fisk, have also been good customers.

While the Novelty Furniture Company is all colored, at least three units of Junior Achievement, Inc., are mixed and abide by Fair Employment Practices Committee directives against discrimination in industry.



SHOP PRODUCTION BEGINS WITH HENRY SHANNON, WHO SUPERVISES ACTUAL MANUFACTURE. HE CUTS THE WOOD DOWN TO SIZE, USING A CIRCULAR SAW. SAFETY IS SHOP KEYNOTE. THESE YOUNG FOLKS ARE CAREFUL WITH MACHINERY, HAVE HAD NO SERIOUS ACCIDENTS.



CRITICAL OPERATION IN MAKING NAME LOGS IS TRIMMING OUT LETTERS WITH JIG SAW. SHANNON DOES THIS JOB TOO. MISTAKE HERE CAN RESULT IN WASTED MATERIAL, IS KEY TO KEEPING PROFITS UP.

(Continued on Next Page)



DRILL PRESS IS HANDLED BY GEORGE MARSHALL, PRESIDENT OF THE NOVELTY FURNITURE COMPANY. HE SPOTS AROUND LETTERS. YOUNGSTERS USE FULL-SIZE MECHANICAL TOOLS AND ARE NOW EXPERIENCED IN THEIR HANDLING.



SMOOTHING AND SANDING IS NEXT STEP IN PRODUCTION. MARSHALL HANDLES THIS WORK WITH ASSURANCE OF A VETERAN. THE JOB IS ALMOST READY FOR SHIPPING NOW. SOME CUSTOMERS WANT VARNISH FINISH.

JUNIOR CAPITALISTS PLANNING POSTWAR EXPANSION IN RADIO

LIKE ALL alert American businessmen, the youthful executives of the Novelty Furniture Company were talking postwar expansion long before Japan and Germany quit. With more material and labor available, the junior Kaisers are all set to rent a neighborhood store and go into radio manufacture.

The present wood-working department would make the cabinets. Another unit to be organized will make the radio itself. The job would then be assembled for marketing.

This would mean new equipment but the brainy directors of Novelty have experience in the wise purchase of machinery. In their four years in business, they have constantly used surpluses to equip their expanding South Side Settlement House plant with new and better labor-saving devices.

Actual cost charges for the use of space, heat, power and water are put on the books and charged up against the youngsters to give them real business training.

Purpose of the Novelty Furniture Company, as well as other "corporations" in Junior Achievement, Inc., is to teach young men and women business enterprise and initiative—to give them the real business experience of financing and equipping a company, selling stock, meeting a payroll, running a production line and distributing goods.

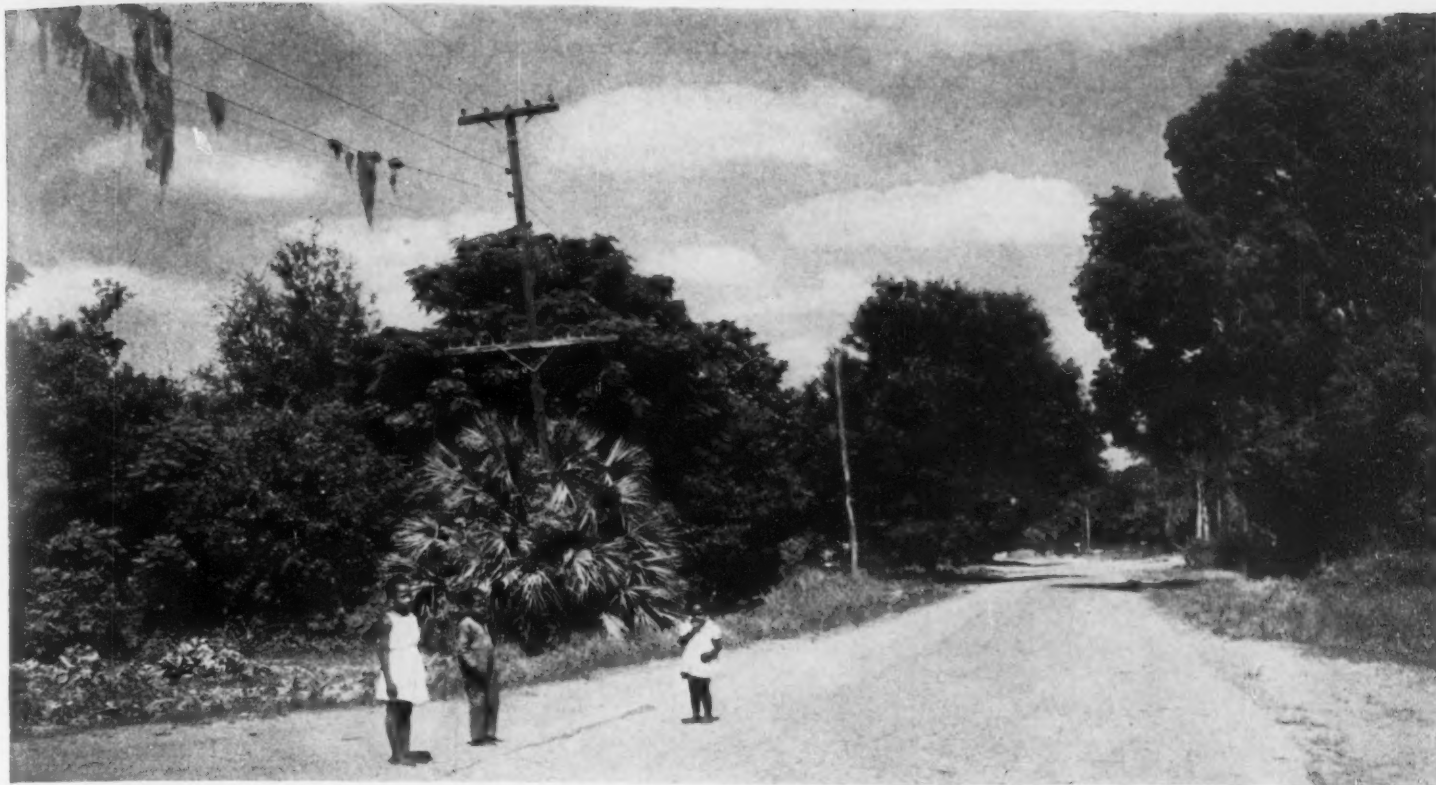
Novelty executives have been trained to know how to work on a schedule too. They have a two-week deadline to turn out their finished product for delivery.

At no time are they without adult supervision to see to it that they handle power machinery safely.

Junior Achievement, Inc., was started in Chicago by a group of outstanding big businessmen who felt that youngsters ought to get actual dollars and cents contact with business. They felt from the start that Negro youths ought to be included and got Lawrence Dozier, a regular cabinet maker at the Western Picture Frame Co., to head the South Side project. President of the entire organization is Phil S. Hanna, financial editor of the Chicago Daily News.



BACK WHERE THE ORDER STARTED, JOB IS NOW READY FOR PACKING AND SHIPMENT. SALES MANAGER ALLAN GATEWOOD AND SISTER BEVERLY HANDLE THAT PART OF PRODUCTION.



ONLY PAVED STREET in Eatonville is called "The Hard Road." It runs right through the middle of town and connects with U. S. Highway 17. Eatonville doesn't even have a sign identifying itself for passing autoists.

BROWN TOWN

**Eatonville, Florida, is oldest
Negro village in United States**

THERE ARE 22 all-Negro towns in the United States with a total population of 25,000. Oldest and still one of the smallest is Eatonville, Florida, the first attempt of Negro self-government in the country.

Incorporated 60 years, Eatonville has not grown much, still has only 350 dwellers. But today the tiny, picturesque town with its two square miles of land is a sign and symbol to the United States as it was when founded.

Eatonville has no wealth or industry to boast of but it has one uncommon thing for America—racial peace. Maitland, blonde sister of deep brunette Eatonville, is a good neighbor. It is one mile from the Post Office in Maitland to the main corner of Eatonville and in the 60 years of their co-existence, there has never been an instance of ill feeling between the two towns.

In the Ocoee race riot of 1920, only 12 miles from Eatonville, the white people of Maitland came over to Eatonville and apportioned every man, woman and child to some white home in Maitland in the event that the rioters invaded the Negro town. At the first threat, everyone was to go to Maitland to stay until things quieted down.

In the beginning Eatonville was founded on good will and mutual help. The Negroes were from Maitland and they got the help of the whites. Captain Lawrence, one of the three white sponsors, donated three buildings. Captain Eaton, for whom the town was named, gave the tract of land. Eatonville and Maitland have always been friends perhaps because Eatonville has not had the will of Maitland imposed it. Eatonville has not performed any civic wonders but it has done as it pleased.



FIRST BUILDING erected was the St. Lawrence A.M.E. Church, donated by Captain Lawrence, one of three white sponsors of the town. This building replaced the original, once turned into a library and now occupied by a family.



MOST FAMOUS CITIZEN of Eatonville is noted author Zora Neale Hurston, who was born in the town and whose father, John Hurston, was the first mayor.

YOU CAN TAKE a teaspoon at any Pacific ocean beach, dip it into the surf and tell what it tastes like 5000 miles away. All of it is just some more of the same. Eatonville is a teaspoonful of the world.

People are the same the world over. Eatonville has its big people and its small folks. In its three-score years, the town has produced one doctor, one dentist, two pharmacists, two nurses, three successful businessmen, two well-known preachers, two high school principals, 10 school teachers and one author.

Eatonville is one of the few places in Florida where Negroes vote for town

officials. Current mayor is Howard Miller, who was put into office because as one voter explained. "He is the best we got in town." Miller is a crusader whose passion is to make a great big something out of little Eatonville.

"Some folks thinks but a lot more just talks," he observes. "They don't know what they're talking about, but they go flighting around wearing out the language just the same. That's the reason I had to change a few of the laws. Some folks took advantage to block progress. Electing somebody for town clerk that couldn't even read and write! Things like that."



LEADING INSTITUTION is the Hungerford School, Florida's foremost school for vocational training of Negro youths. It is a private school run in the Booker T. Washington tradition of teaching trades.



MAYOR is Howard Miller, who won the last election by 64 to 18. This is his fifth term, not all consecutive. "I can't do no fancy speechmaking, but I do take interest in the welfare of things. Looks like everybody would be for the welfare of their own town. But some folks will act contrary until they get too old to sin and too weak to pray," he says.



GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF LAURA HENDERSON.

ROMANCE STILL FILLS HEART OF TOWN'S REIGNING BELLE

GRAND OLD LADY of Eatonville is Laura Henderson, who fifty years ago was something to stir the blood of men. She has been a wind upon the ocean, filling the sails of at least three men and moving them to ports.

Caleb Boger was a tall, curly-headed mulatto man who fell in love with her while she was still in her teens. He was moved to make something big of himself for the luscious Laura to see. "First, he studied jury," she says coquettishly, "but that didn't seem to lead to much. Then he was called to preach." He was successful pastor, married Laura and they had eight children.

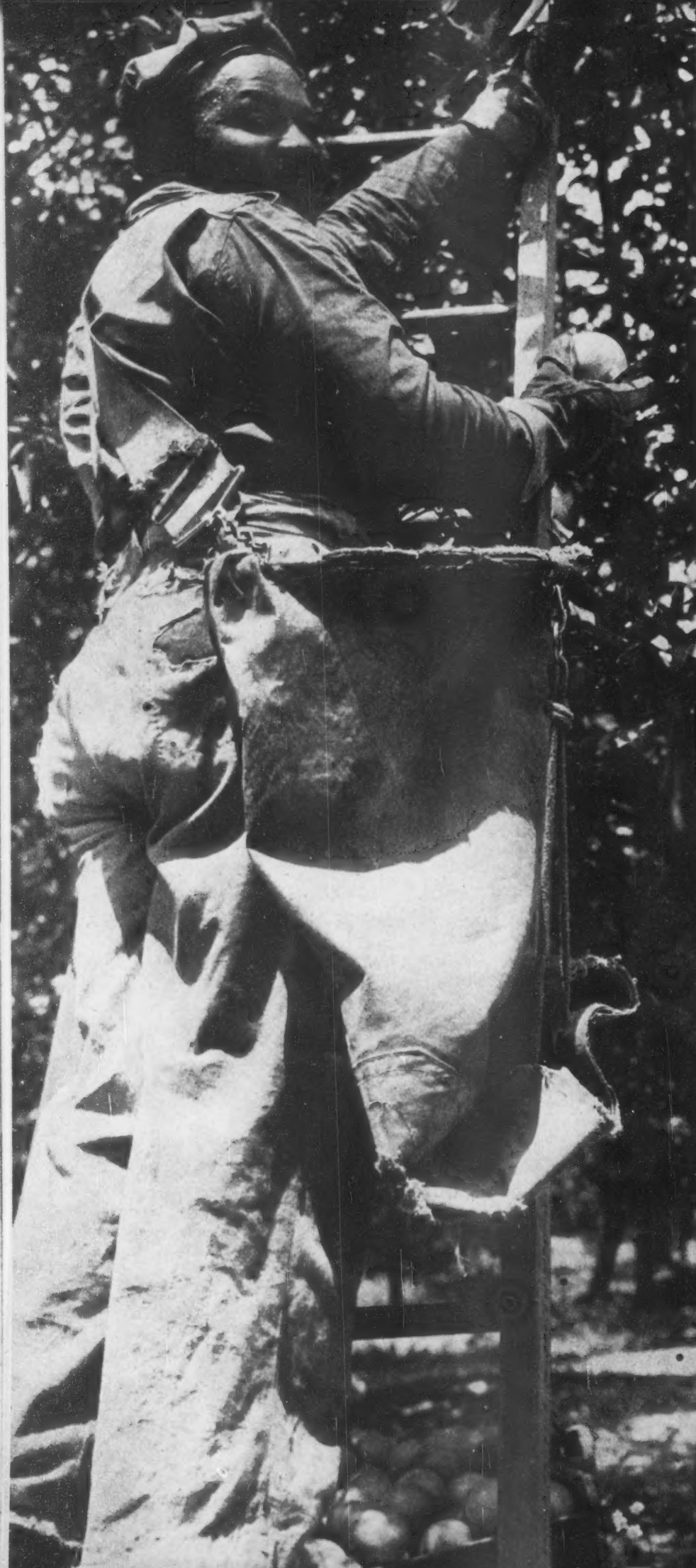
When they moved to Eatonville, rumor has it that another preacher fell in love with Laura. To be big enough to woo Laura, he went to school and studied medicine, but it did not seem to matter. She remained Boger until Caleb's death.

Her second husband followed in Caleb's footsteps and did the best he could to be a big man in her sight. He became a deacon and worshipped Laura until he died.

Today with many, many grandchildren, she still wears the air of a reigning belle. Her walk is firm and graceful despite her 90 years. The ghosts of fans move before her face. You smell magnolias and jasmine in her smile. She looks as if she expected an impatient lover at any time. She is full of memories.



OLDEST WOMAN is Laura Henderson, now 90 years old. She is many times a grandmother and great grandmother and twice a great-great. She became the oldest person after death of Grandma Biddy at 104.



MISSISSIPPI TO FLORIDA

NUMBER ONE citizen of Eatonville is James T. Steele, who in his own way carries on the dream of the town founders. He is the wealthiest and most progressive man in Eatonville.

He and his wife came to the Florida Negro town from Mississippi in 1917 with nothing but their clothes. Today he owns a huge orange grove, a modern stone building that houses the town night club, several homes that he rents, his own modern home complete with electrified kitchen and two baths, a Packard sedan and Ford coupe, a Chow dog. He is an expert on citrus production and has charge of a large estate of a wealthy northerner.

He recalls that when he arrived in Eatonville, "All I knew anything about was cotton. Then I had to learn something else down here. But I figure that is what people are put in the world for—to learn."

Steele, whose one son Nathaniel was in the army, has ambitions to grow even more. "I'm not through yet," he says. "Not by a long shot. This is just a start. I mean to go on from here, now that I have learned a few things. It calls for hard work, but I don't intend for work ever to make a coward out of me."

His orange grove and others in the area are the main source of employment for the town's menfolk. They get paid by piece-work. Since the CIO has come into the Florida groves, the rate has gone up to 20 cents a box and speedy cutters can make a fine living in the season which runs from mid-September to mid-June.

Fastest fruit cutter was "Seaboard" Hamilton, now in the army, who held the record and could pick so fast that he made one orange catch another falling into the bag.

Most famous institution in Eatonville is the Hungerford School that started off in the first year of the 20th century with a rush. Founded by Russell C. Calhoun, a Tuskegee graduate, on the Brooker T. Washington educational idea, the normal and industrial school flourished until Calhoun's death in 1917 checked its growth. No other person of his capability has been at the helm since.

Then too the private school has lost out to the state and county which now provide free schools and colleges. Those that survive are sentimental monuments to some "name."

Despite young men and women who leave to go North, Eatonville is a growing town. After long stagnation, Negroes with cash money are buying land and building homes there. Babies are born—some in wedlock, some in happy frenzy. Women in domestic service in Maitland make from 18 to 25 dollars a week. Men earn a comfortable living cutting fruit. Saturday they go shopping in nearby Winter Park and Orlando. Eatonville lives its own life and is happy at it.

CITRUS FRUIT PRODUCTION IS THE MAIN INDUSTRY OF EATONVILLE. FRUIT CUTTING IS SKILLED LABOR AND MOSES LEE HOLLOWMAN IS ONE OF THE BEST. GOOD CUTTERS MAKE UP TO \$70 A WEEK IN SEASON.



RICHEST MAN IS JAMES T. STEELE, WHO OWNS 4000-BOX ORANGE GROVE (FRUIT AT OVER \$2 BOX). HE BUDS HIS OWN TREES STILL (BELOW). STEELE IS ONE OF THE FEW MEN IN TOWN HAVING TWO CARS AND TWO BATHROOMS AT HOME.

SUGAR CANE, alligators, Spanish moss all go together to give Eatonville its personality. There is virtually no main street to speak of. Mass production, chain stores and modern transportation have killed the rural general store in Eatonville as in other villages of America.

Eatonville has three churches, two schools and two "jooks." It once had a library but it is no more. The books have disappeared and people live in the library. It needs paint and things but then it has been soundly slept in by several families since the days of books.

Between Eatonville and its white counterpart, Maitland, there is no strain, no fear. There are business connections through work and trade, and friendly chats at stores and on corners between the two races. There is no resentment, nor that patronage known as being "the friend of the Negro."

Eatonville and Maitland are just neighbors that require no continual words to make it known. They just live as friends and let it go at that.





THE LAW is Dave Rollins, who owns a truck and sells wood for a living. Everybody agrees he's the best police force the town ever had.



BAD MAN of Eatonville is Doc Biddy. The town does not care for him or his wife but they are devoted to each other. She was told to leave town when he did five years in prison recently. She was back as soon as he came out.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

BIGGEST ELECTION issue in Eatonville has always been the town jail. It has lots of history behind it.

Way back in the days when original settler Joe Clark was known as "Emperor Of The Crossroads," legend says that he contended that his "town didn't need no jail." Folks who couldn't behave themselves were run out. That went on until the first John Hurston administration. He went out with a saw and hammer and knocked together a jail. But it was a makeshift affair and rotted away.

For a generation Eatonville had no usable jail. There was not much locking-up to be done anyway. When somebody got out of line and just had to be "lawed," the town borrowed a cell from Maitland.

Soon, however, the jail became a big campaign issue with folks taking stubborn stands on both sides. Finally the have-a-jail crowd won when Howard Miller was swept into office a few years ago. The City Council saw to it that the stones were bought and the jail was started.

But before the structure was finished, the town's No. 1 bad man, Doc Biddy, stole a third of the stones and sold them to a white man. The town was enraged but Biddy escaped a jail stretch by ducking up to an adjoining county. He got into trouble there and was making time in Seminole county before it was discovered that he had taken the stones.

The jail has never been finished since then. But the one-man police force, Dave Rollins, finds that it will hold his prisoners. One end is closed with barred windows and the malefactors are locked up there. Several have tried to break out unsuccessfully.

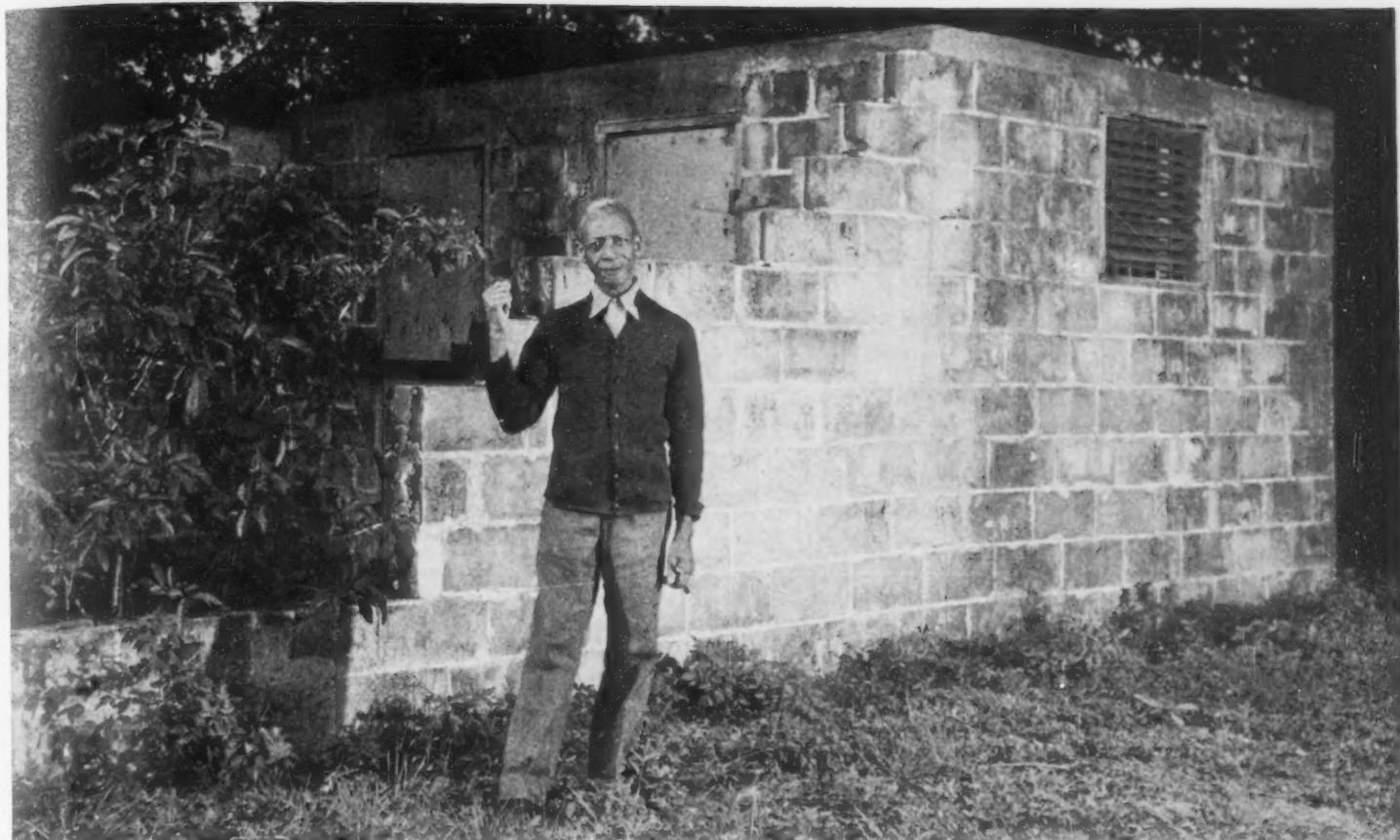
The town administration's civic program for the future has the final completion of the jail high on the agenda.

Most of the jail's customers come from the one recreation spot in all Eatonville. It is called The Shop by some, The Green Lantern by others, The Jook by a lot more. It is a modern stone building on the site of original founder Joe Clark's old general store, which was the heart of the town with everything for sale from side meat to horse collars. The Post Office was there, because Clark was the postmaster as well as the mayor.

The Jook is today still the most popular spot in town. People just naturally drift there after work hours. Business is very good. There are wine, beer, soft drinks and hot sandwiches over the bar and a juke box for dancing and listening. Coca Cola, the Holy Water of the South, is the favorite drink.

Folks from Orlando, Winter Park and Sanford come in for pleasure. They flock into the Jook from the radius of 20 miles for fun in Eatonville. The Jook is open as long as they come, often all night.

Eatonville doesn't have the trouble that many Dixie towns have. The white men of Maitland leave the Negro girls of Eatonville strictly alone. There has never been a case of miscegnation.



TOWN JAIL is unfinished because Doc Biddy stole a third of the blocks and sold them to a white man before actual building began. "We all knew that Doc would steal most anything," explains Ex-Mayor Hiram Lester, "but we didn't think anybody would steal a jailhouse."



TOBACCO ROAD DEPARTMENT of the town is represented by Doc Biddy and his ramshackle house. He has done three terms in the state prison at Raiford. Eatonville would like the Biddys to leave but they like the climate. They are not natives anyway, townspeople say in defense of their reputation.

HISTORY IS MADE IN FLIGHT

EXACTLY twenty years ago this month, Negro History Week was born.

In the score of years that have transpired since, Negroes have come a long way in reclaiming one of the most treasured possessions robbed from them when they were branded slaves and shipped to America.

The slavers stripped their victims of more than freedom. They took away their history, too.

When the sailing ships left the Dark Continent with their black cargo for the New World, the manacled Africans were shorn of all their tribal culture, their languages, their customs. Instead they were handed second-hand the diluted, substitute culture of their masters.

Today Negro America is digging into the past to recover what slavery took away. From out of the dim, dark days of years ago has come the undisputed evidence to give the Negro his rightful place in the story of mankind. Now the Negro, once a slave, knows that once he was a master. He knows that when primitive whites wandered the woods of darkest Europe, a black civilization already flourished in Africa. The callous canard that Negroes have no history is collapsing under the withering fire of facts for a rich lode of Negro lore has been uncovered.

With every new fact a weapon in the war for modern-day emancipation, Negro historians have become some of our best fighters for freedom. For history, like freedom, is more than a word. History, like freedom, is the heart and soul of man's being, of his zest for life, of his ever-upward climb to new achievement. To rob a man of his just heritage, to break all his links to yesterday's traditions is to emasculate him mentally, to make him intellectually impotent.

'Apes' Versus Aryans

IT HAS been the pressures of today that have driven the Negro into yesterday to salvage the saga of his contribution to civilization.

But the Negro can stand on his record of the present if need be. In World War II black Americans wrote a glorious page. More than in any other American war, Negroes fought and died as heroes. From the blood-stained beaches of Bougainville to the artillery-pocked banks of the Rhine, colored soldiers and sailors wrote a chapter of courage that will live forever.

And in the new air age, Negroes finally soared aloft. The color bars that long grounded men with a black skin fell and the valiant 99th Pursuit Squadron zoomed into the heavens. Over North Africa and Italy, 99th pilots wrote history in the skies. In plane-to-plane dog fights, they demonstrated that death is color-blind, that the men Hitler called "apes" were superior to his Aryans.

The men of the 99th who had their zero hours two and three times a week stood up to the best. They won not only the acclaim of Air Corps Chief General Hap Arnold but also the plaudits of their "superman" foes in Messerschmidts and Focke-Wulfs. Their pluck, fortitude and determination were unchallenged. They, like millions of white youths, were air-minded, hungry for the thrill of flight. They looked to "the wild blue yonder" as the future, as symbolically portrayed in Toni Frisell's graphic photo. In the 99th they saw the big opportunity of tomorrow and they grasped at it.

Uncertain Future

NOW the 99th fliers are back home—some still in uniform as members of the 477th Composite Group at Godman Field, Ky., others as civilians. For both the future is uncertain.

What role, if any, Negro pilots will play in the U. S. Army Air Corps in peacetime is still a question mark. The War Department is still training a token number of Negro aviators at Tuskegee Army Air Field. The all-Negro air units at Godman Field under Colonel B. O. Davis, Jr., seem to be going along on their own momentum but certainly for no other reason. Colonel Davis himself has termed ridiculous and impractical the stupidity of segregated, separate Negro air squadrons when the entire motif of modern air war is unified, cohesive action.

The entire picture is one of a stumbling, groping policy in Washington. Everyone will admit that Jim Crow doesn't work

in the sky but no one will do anything about it. The result is a dismal air of doubt and uncertainty which hovers over Godman Field with the same disarming effects as a low-ceiling fog.

It is time that the aristocracy of the army moved with as much dispatch on this issue as they have in the clamor for compulsory military training. Certainly if America's security is at stake in a sizable peacetime army, the one out of every ten youths who is Negro cannot be eliminated from service in the most vital air arm solely because of race.

Actual wartime experience has demonstrated the Air Corps can't afford the luxury of Jim Crow. If Negroes are to be accepted as Army pilots in the future, it can only be on the basis of full integration or not at all. Both from military necessity and democratic practice, the Army should take the final step towards making Negro pilots part of the great U. S. Army Air Corps.

Cockpit Complexions

PERHAPS part of the hesitancy of the Army in giving Negroes a full pilot's status can be laid at the door of the civilian airlines which as yet enforce a rigid ban against any colored pilots.

For many years the big air transport companies were justified in saying no Negro was qualified to fly its big passenger planes. The tight bar against Negroes extended all the way from airfield to training school and indeed no Negro was qualified.

But the situation is changed today.

There are hundreds of qualified Negro youths now—young men who have proven their skill in a cockpit in Italy. They have shed their wings to go back into civilian jobs and like other Air Corps men would like nothing better than a job as a passenger pilot. But despite their qualifications, the doors are still shut.

Of course, the airline companies will not admit as much. They will use the usual routine about having all the pilots they need. But new planes and new pilots are being put on regular runs every day and the complexion of cockpit crews is still lily white.

Some airline executives claim that despite wartime flying, Negro pilots do not have enough experience in big transports, having flown primarily in fighters. But the army has had faith in Negro pilots who flew pursuit ships and trained them successfully to man big bombers.

Finally there is the assertion that white passengers will not fly with a Negro pilot, will not "risk their lives" in a plane flown by a colored American. Strange it is that these very same whites, many of them from Dixie, would be willing to trust their country and their lives with Negro pilots who "covered up" thousands of white ground soldiers in the Italian campaign.

For all their excuses, the airlines stand guilty of rank discrimination against returned Negro pilots. These heroes rather than stay in aviation have been forced to turn to humdrum, everyday jobs as a means of support. Charles Hall, first Negro to down a Nazi plane, is today manager of a Chicago cocktail lounge when he would like to be flying again. Others are in the same boat, some in menial jobs.

Thirst For Freedom

THE courageous Negro airmen who made history in flight during World War II will not be downed, however. For history is stronger than hate. The thirst for freedom in the air as well as around the earth is unquenchable.

Just as today's Negro is capturing the wave of the future through his identity with his greatness in the past, the men of the 99th will not forget their days over Italy. Just as the Negro is crashing through the walls of prejudice with the undistorted, true story of his heritage in Africa and America, the men of the 99th will eventually break the back of bigotry in the air.

The 99th tradition cannot be robbed from the Negro as was the heritage of African civilizations that existed long before Rome and Greece were in their heyday.

The 20th Century Negro has a history in which he can take full pride. It is written in the headlines of yesterday's newspaper, and cannot be obliterated. Negro America has truly caught the thread of past, woven it into the fabric of today. He cannot be denied his place in history any longer.

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FILM PARADE

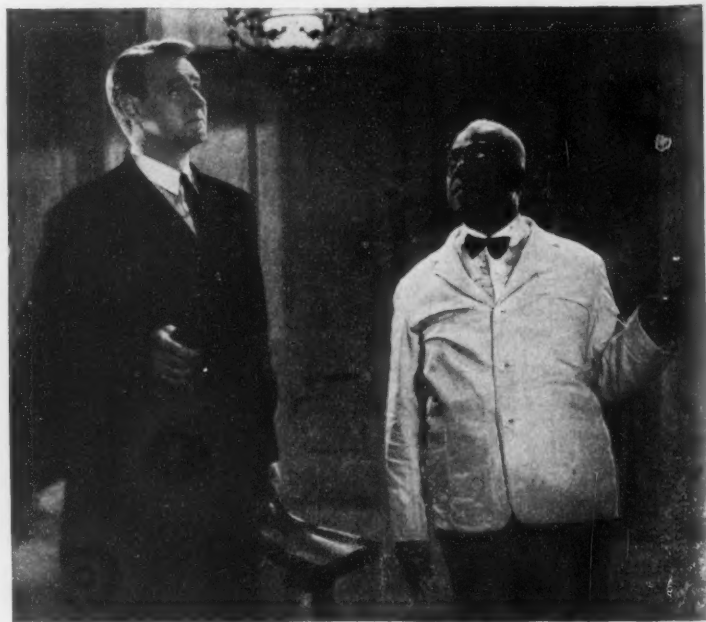


'For Better, For Worse'

ALWAYS clowning on the set as well as on the screen, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson will be seen on the screen in MGM's new comedy *For Better, For Worse* with the up-and-coming star, Robert Walker. The radio star has a leading role in the film, which also stars June Allyson.

'The Lost Weekend'

LONG a scene stealer in minor bit parts on the screen, hefty Ernest Whitman again grabs the Hollywood spotlight in Paramount's new shocker, *The Lost Weekend*. Acclaimed one of the most moving and terrifying parts of this prize-winning movie about a confirmed drunkard is the haunting sequence in the Bellevue psychopathic ward. Whitman, who played in the stage version of *The Last Mile*, is one of the assorted drinkers who along with star Ray Miland is on the verge of delirium tremens. The horrible night with alcoholics in the grip of d.t.'s is startingly presented as screaming victims of drink and blood-curdling bouts with rats and bats chill the audience. Whitman is an old-timer in Hollywood, always a favorite for bit character parts and always certain to turn in a fine performance.



'Miss Susie Slagle's'

VETERAN of the stage and screen, 66-year-old J. Lewis Johnson has a big part in Paramount's *Miss Susie Slagle's*, a new starring vehicle for Sonny Tufts, one of five medical students who live in a boarding house kept by Dorothy Gish. Johnson gets a good, human part.



DEAN DIXON CONDUCTS WITHOUT A BATON. HE PLAYS EVERY INSTRUMENT IN THE ORCHESTRA.

CRUSADER FOR THE CLASSICS

Dean Dixon won't be happy until sonatas outdraw Sinatras

A GOOD-LOOKING buxom girl violinist in Dean Dixon's American Youth Orchestra arose to perform the Lalo solo. From the audience of wounded war veterans at Halloran Hospital came a low, long wolf whistle.

Two minutes later the girl, the orchestra and its conductor were still waiting for quiet, the GIs still howling and barking in glee. Dean Dixon grinned too. Finally he managed to get some silence and said:

"You can't make us start to perform that way, fellows. We don't begin until one of the players gives us an A. Now, if any of you wolves can whistle an A..."

Dean Dixon, one of the top names in American music today, runs his one-man "Music For Millions" crusade that way. He prefers to conduct in silence for an

audience which needs no introduction to music, needs no explanation of themes, is attentive throughout but Dixon knows that most Americans today still prefer Sinatras to sonatas. So the foremost Negro symphony orchestra conductor has embarked on a campaign designed to take the longhair, intellectual brand off of Beethoven and Bach.

Whether he's conducting for a gang of GIs or a class of ragged kindergarten tots, he talks their language — wolf whistles and Mother Goose tales alike. He's no prima donna, no haughty dictatorial maestro ruling from the podium even though his sterling reputation as a conductor of the NBC Symphony and New York Philharmonic gives him the opportunity to put on airs.

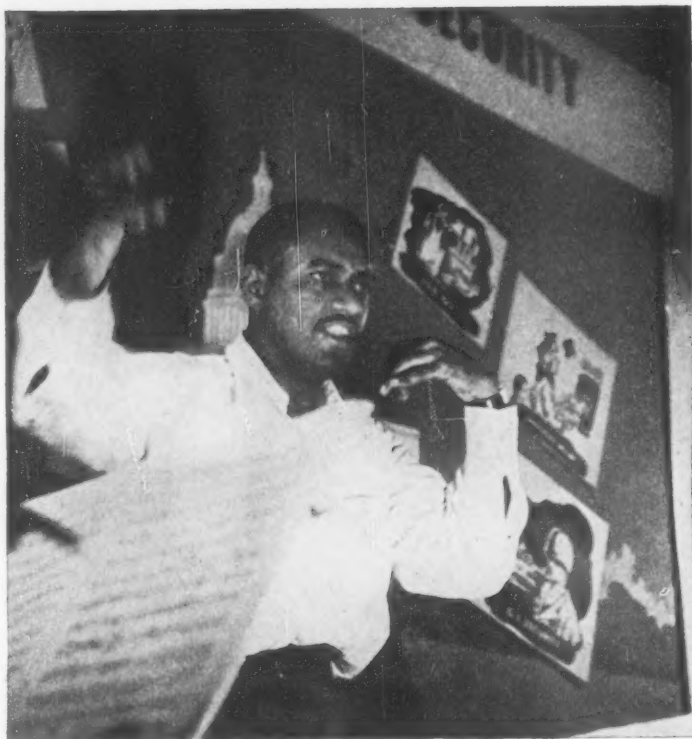
But Dixon is concerned lest his Ameri-

can Youth Orchestra, organized little more than a year ago with some 85 players between the ages of 16 and 27, become a "museum piece." Determined to bring customers to concerts, he has been going out to army camps, factories, school-rooms to puncture the "propaganda" that Beethoven is highbrow and to teach common folks "to appreciate good music."

"Music should be of, by and for the people," says Dixon. "No contemporary artist has the right to play only for the initiated few. I want to bring everyone close to music, to show them that they needn't be afraid of it. Most people love only what they understand."

He won't be happy until the lines outside Carnegie Hall are as long as those at the Paramount Theater when Sinatra sings.

(Continued on Next Page)



YOUNGEST CONDUCTOR of both the New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia Symphony, Dixon's ambition is to run concerts with tickets at prices ranging from 5 to 25 cents. He does virtually no composing, will get his Ph. D. in music soon.



IDEAL CONCERT for Dixon was given when he was 17 at DeWitt Clinton High School. "Some people brought lunch, others ate fruit or munched candy. You kept hearing the crunch during the pianissimo. Everyone had a grand time."



TEACHING is Dean Dixon's main source of income since he left high school. He has hand-picked students come to his home. He also goes out to various labor schools in New York and New Jersey to teach white classes.



HIS MOTHER IS STILL PUSHING DEAN DIXON AHEAD IN MUSIC. SHE DOES CLERICAL WORK FOR YOUTH ORCHESTRA.

MAESTRO DIXON USES UNIQUE STRATEGY TO TEACH LOVE OF MUSIC

MUSIC was crammed down Dean Dixon's throat.

Like many doting mamas, Mrs. Dixon wanted her "sonnyboy" to grow up to be a concert violinist. He was a sickly kid, whose father was a bellboy. His mother was afraid ill-health would prevent him from doing hard labor for a living. Music was an easier living.

When he was 3½ years old, his mother would bundle him up and take him from Harlem to Carnegie Hall concerts. Jazz was taboo on the radio when he was older.

Then came the day when he was given a violin and forced to practice. He loathed the long hours scratching on the strings. He would hide a knife in his bow hand so that when he drew it across the strings, he would manage to cut them. But his mother always had extras ready.

At the age of 13, his music teacher was ready to give him up for a lost cause, told his mother that he had no talent and urged that he give up his lessons. But his mother was insistent. The lessons continued until he resigned himself to becoming a musician. Before long he found out music was more than a bore. He went to the Julliard School of Music, saved his lunch money to start the Dixon Young People's Orchestra, got his big chance

when he got a bid to conduct the NBC Symphony and achieved a nationwide reputation.

Because he was trained to technical perfection with no attempt made to get him to love or understand music, Dean's big message in talking about music is that kids should not be forced to practice with an eye to becoming great artists. Most never see a concert stage, let alone play on one, says Dean. He thinks most important is training youngsters to recognize and understand the classics, to read on sight and to play with enjoyment, even if not with skill.

A year at Julliard convinced him he would never be a violin virtuoso so he switched to musical theory and harmony and discovered an entirely new field. Since then he has been devoting his career to missionary work for the old masters, carrying the gospel to every nook and cranny in the vast New York metropolis.

His tactics and strategy is unique, embracing every imaginable dramatic device to attract attention of children, whom he is most interested in. "You must catch them young," he says. "All children turn to music naturally at an early age. When they are 3 or 4, it is not too soon to introduce them to the works of the masters. But this must be done by making music

a part of their living experience."

To dramatize this "experience," Dean has devised methods like these:

- Play Beethoven for a girl, then ask her to make up a story which it inspires, do the choreography and dance it for a class.

- Have young people at concerts count music beats until stopped by a signal from the conductor. Then the counts are checked for correct answers.

- Place his musicians in a large circle with an audience of children under five in the center, name and describe each instrument, let each child run over to their favorite and touch the instrument getting its vibrations while it is being played. At one concert a little boy put out his tongue and licked the shiny trumpet.

Although his mother, a Barbadian, almost made Dean "hate" music, she is today still the driving force behind his career.

"I hope that she is not disappointed that I have become a musician," he says. "After all, she has herself to blame. Had she not introduced me to music when I was so young, and not sat over me every day to make me practice, I might have been a doctor."



RELAXING AT HOME, DIXON PLAYS PIANO OR VIOLIN.

DIXON FINDS HIGH FINANCES HEADACHE IN ORCHESTRA

ONE for Ripley is the virtual birth of the American Youth Orchestra in a birth control clinic where they held many of their early rehearsals. Those were the days when there was not enough in the treasury to pay for rehearsal space.

But Dixon is at home with the "no funds" story. His first orchestra in Harlem would buy music for violins one month, horns the next. "We rehearsed Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* on the installment plan," Dixon recalls.

In those days he conducted an all-Negro orchestra with an eye to the day when racially mixed groups might succeed and there would be a call for skilled Negro musicians. The day came sooner than he expected.

There are only five Negroes in the American Youth Orchestra, but that is only because more qualified Negro performers haven't applied. In choosing orchestra members, he sat behind a screen so that color would not influence him. He feels that there aren't many Negro musicians in the symphony field because the doors are closed to them. And similarly there are no Negroes hired by many conductors who are tolerant because, as Dixon puts it, "After all, could Koussevitsky use a swing trombonist?"

Dixon, now 30, is single, urbane, attractive, controls his gourmet yearnings because of a tendency toward chunkiness. He likes to read, to argue, to see ballet, to swim. Right now he's too busy to have time for a private life. He says he feels an obligation to his race, to his music and to the common people.

'MUSICAL MOMENTS' CLASSES RUN BY DIXON ARE MAINLY WITH WHITE CHILDREN. HE DISLIKES 'MUSICAL APPRECIATION' TERM. HE LIVES WITH HIS MOTHER AT HIS CONVENT AVENUE HOME.



LETTERS AND PICTURES TO THE EDITOR

ART & ARTISTS

I should like to congratulate you on your new, very worthwhile venture. The December copy was exceedingly interesting and informative. I enjoyed very much the thought that you were making art news, considering that there are few magazines and newspapers in America devoted to and interested in painting and related subjects. It was heartwarming to see such a spread.

I should like to thank you for reproducing a painter who is attached to our gallery, John Wilson, and who is in my opinion one of the three topnotch Negro painters in America.

I rather regret that you do not include another Negro painter from Boston in whom I very much believe. He is Calvin Burnett. I believe with his fine draftsmanship and general technical ability he will become one of the better known genre painters.

HYMAN SWETZOFF,

Director,
Boris Mirski Art
Gallery,

Boston, Mass.

Congratulations on the splendid job you did on the artists in EBONY. I must say it is the best and most intelligent job I have seen in any magazine on the Negro artist up to date. More power to you.

ELLIS WILSON,

New York City.

IN DEFENSE OF CARTOONS

I have just finished reading your second issue of EBONY which I think is the best that ever reached a newsstand as a Negro magazine. In reply to Muriel Donnelly's complaint, I have this to say. In all leading magazines you will find the evening wear cut low to reveal the better points of the body. She should be proud we have the sense to dress in style and not overdo it.

As far as jokes go if your mind is not smutty you won't look at that side of the joke. Read Campbell's Cartoons in your Sunday paper.

MRS. JULIA ROBINSON,

Wilmington, Del.

EBONY is sensational. It is the greatest Negro magazine available at the present time. It is being acclaimed by intelligent individuals everywhere. It suits me to a T and if you just keep the magazine as it is, I don't see where anyone will have any grounds for complaints.

The cartoons by Jay Jackson and E. Simms Campbell are very fine. Also the pictures and stories of what the Negro has accomplished are the best that I have ever seen and read and I have read practically everything on the Negro.

Try to be more punctual in getting your magazine on the newsstand as one has to suffer from one issue to another.

NATHANIEL THOMAS DELOATCH,
Baltimore, Md.

• Printers are tough customers these days. Getting out a magazine on time is more of a begging problem than a technical headache.—ED.

After reading your second issue of EBONY (I missed the first), I must compliment you on the excellent taste shown in the presentation of the variety of news and pictures.

I have enjoyed the Negro Digest but have often thought that it was

probably too literary to appeal to the less fortunate, uneducated members of our race. However, I am sure that this type of publication will be of great interest to everyone and will probably serve a fine purpose in making more people aware of the progress of the Negro people.

I heartily agree with all of the "Compliments" submitted in your "Letters to the Editor" and violently disagree with the "Complaints." From an artistic standpoint, the cartoons are excellent and from a standpoint of amusement and mass appeal, they are equally excellent. I am sure that the objections are made by religious fanatics and/or prudes. After all, look at Esquire! Anyway, please do not discontinue the cartoons because of the complaints.

Heartiest congratulations and best wishes for continued success in this new Negro venture.

LARUE PURCELL,

New York City.

ASKS NEW NAME

Several days ago, a member of our staff, Miss Beulah Guss, who is our colored girl's worker, brought in a copy of your magazine EBONY. This is indeed an excellent publication and certainly deserves to take its place alongside of Life.

There is one bit of constructive criticism however that I would like to offer, and I can assure you it comes only through my intense desire to see racial discrimination and color line abolished. My suggestion is that a new name be applied to your magazine. EBONY instantly brings to your mind, black, so why use a word of this type. Do you not think that a single word such as "Fact," "Vista," "Veritas," or some such word would be strictly impartial, and still would be descriptive. Personally, I do not think it good psychology to draw constant attention to race, and that is very definitely true of the word EBONY.

GENEVIEVE MARY POTTS,

Central Community House,
Columbus, Ohio.

VIRGIN DISSENTS

Just saw your December 1945 edition of EBONY and your write-up about the Virgin Islands. The write-up is the loudest thing I've ever read and the picture on page 13 with six sleeping on one bed is the biggest lie I've ever seen published.

I'm from the Virgin Islands (St. Croix). Many of my friends saw the pictures and the write-up and I must tell you that none of them care for your magazine. You did a fine job of "degrading" the place. Things might be bad down there but not that bad. Why don't you go to your home and take a few pictures of some of the "slums" and publish it, you know, kind of advertise your home.

ERIK GOLDBECK,

New York City.

• We readily concede the slums in Chicago are just as bad, never claimed otherwise.—ED.

I've had the opportunity of looking at your EBONY volume of this month and in it I've seen some pictures of the Virgin Isles and some degrading things written about the inhabitants there.

I would like to inform the writers and also the photographers that the people of those islands have always practiced courtesy, culture, good breeding, etiquette and are ever ambitious. Despite the fact they may not possess great wealth or have the opportunity to obtain big wages for their labor they do not altogether starve. To reside among them for awhile will be the great means of convincing the writers, the real attitude of these populations. I am a resident of this great Metropolis of New York for quite a few years and during which period I've seen and am still seeing all kinds of poverty of the worst kind you can think of. Therefore those of you who criticize and lower these places why not seek out a way to uplift them and push them forward. Next time I have a chance to see your volume I want to see and hear the good you are doing for the welfare of same.

SAUL S. FRANCIS,

New York City.

We've read with utter disgust and disgruntled interest your ridiculous article entitled "Weep for the Virgins" which is saturated with inaccuracies and grossly magnifies our economic and social problems not peculiar to the Virgins but common to any small community. It tends to prejudice the opinion of the misinformed reader and is, in our opinion, a mocking deviation from the ethics of journalism.

You were quick to list the illegitimacy rate; why weren't you as prompt to list the literacy percentage which stands at 95 percent and which, we are sure, is among the highest, if not the highest, when compared with other states or territories.

You further say that the U. S. has spent more money per capita on the Virgin Islands than any power ever spent on Negro colony. Why shouldn't the U. S. spend large sums on us? The internal revenue taxes collected on exported V. I. rum products which aggregate millions of dollars flow into the Treasury of the United States while similar taxes collected on exports from other territories revert to the treasury of the territory doing the exportation.

Why didn't you include the statement made by William H. Dean, Ph.D., prominent colored economist, that politically, the Virgin Islands are the most highly integrated colored unit under the American flag where the top legislative executive, and judicial posts are held almost exclusively by colored natives.

Are the Virgin Islands the only place on God's earth where slum conditions exist? Don't slums exist in all parts of the world and, more specifically, in the city in which your magazine is published?

We are cognizant that the attitude reflected is typical and representative of the sentiments held by average mainland Negroes toward West Indian Negroes and we can find no more suitable comparison in the instant case than to liken a large number of the former unto a "bunch of crabs."

We know that economically, politically, morally, and socially the Islands compare highly with Negro communities and favorably with white or mixed communities. As you have so nicely put it, na-

tives are proud—we add—justifiably so.

15 VIRGIN ISLANDS SOLDIERS,
In the Pacific.

MORE COMPLIMENTS

The December issue of EBONY is eloquent in every respect. Your editorial, "And A Little Child Shall Lead Them" is the most moving piece of writing yet seen on race relations. It is a must for every American who believes in democracy for all of the people instead of just for a certain class or selfish group. Your words are flaming fires and your outlook is active with deep social convictions, all of which are vital to great journalism in a democracy. Continue that kind of fighting journalism and you can't lose. For truth is fighting on your side and the huddled masses are marching beside you.

STUART PALMER,

Assistant Director,
American Education
Fellowship.

New York City.

The second copy of EBONY is even better than the first. It is already a smash hit! In this and the Negro Digest you are rendering unique service not only to the Negro public, but to America at large.

I am particularly happy that you are willing to use wit and humor as well as other devices. Too much of our crusading is dull and over-earnest. I congratulate you on the distinguished success of Negro Digest and EBONY!!

EDWIN R. EMBREE,

President,

Julius Rosenwald Fund
Chicago, Ill.

For some time I have been wanting to write you and say how much I like your new magazine, EBONY. The idea of picturing the everyday achievements and activities of Negroes in a positive way is a happy one. I have often wondered why someone did not do it.

GUY B. JOHNSON

Executive Director

Southern Regional Council
Atlanta, Georgia

I think EBONY is an extremely good job in format, appearance, and content. I hope you will be able to dramatize somehow in it, eventually the fairly unglamorous life of the ordinary person, however, who after all will be your most regular reader.

MARGARET ANDERSON

Editor, Common Ground

New York City

Your new magazine is destined for a place in the sun. Congratulations on a fine job and the best of luck.

FLYING OFFICERS OF CLASS

45F

Tuskegee, Air Field,

Tuskegee, Alabama.

NAMES WANTED

I've enjoyed the two issues of EBONY, but in the December issue there is some criticism I'd like to offer in regard to a picture of a student NAACP group, one of which I identified as that of my own daughter, but you have given no names, hence I can't know that it's her. This ruins the whole magazine for me.

DAVID L. REEVES,

Chattanooga, Tenn.

• Sorry, we can't help. We still don't know her name. Photographers have a habit of forgetting names.—ED.

CAMPBELL'S COMICS



"YOUR WIFE IS SURE LUCKY TO HAVE A HUSBAND LIKE YOU, DOCTOR."



"... BUT I WAS ONLY TELLING MY DOLLY A STORY I HEARD AT YOUR BRIDGE CLUB!"

